

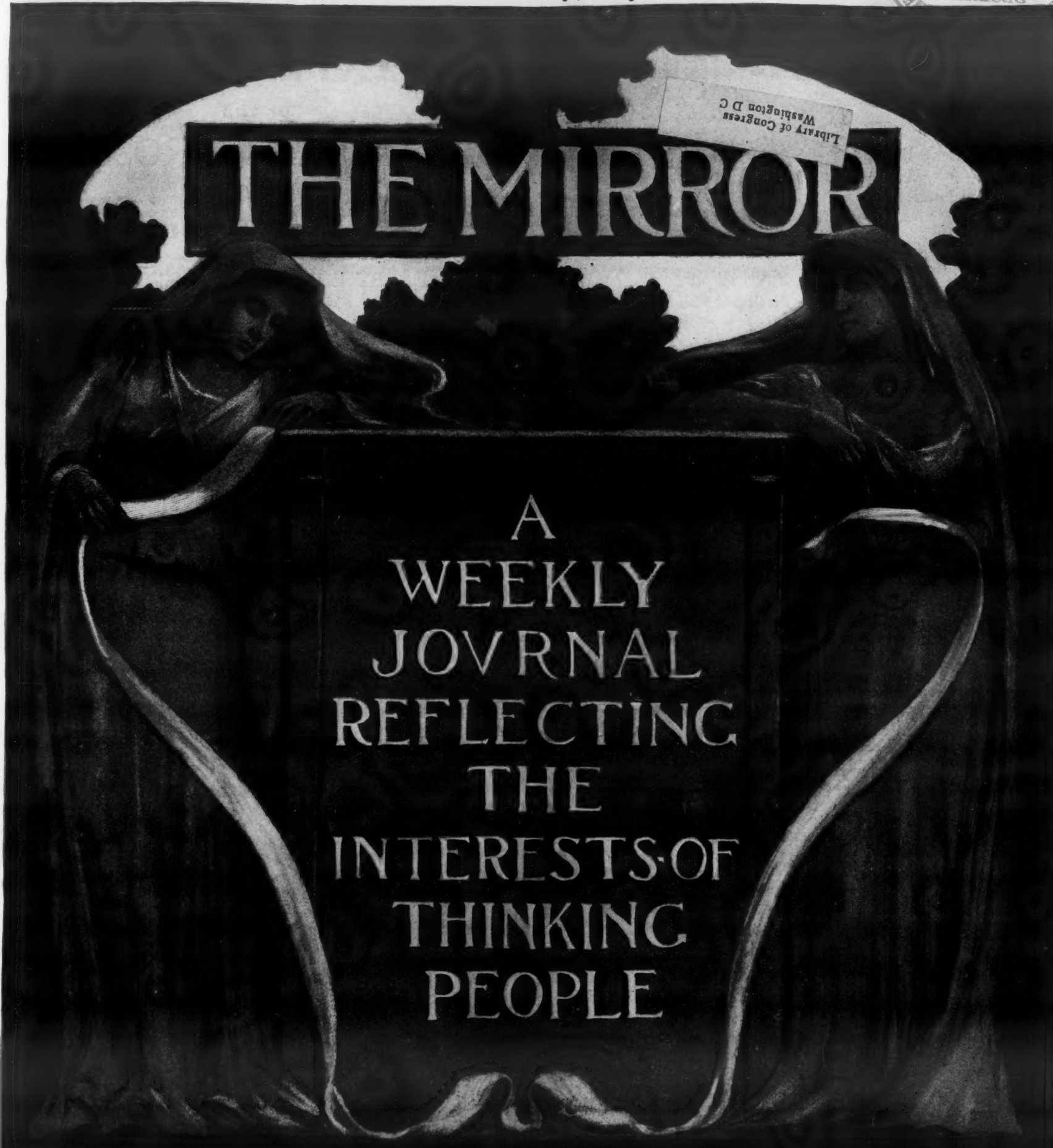
Vol. XI--No. 14

St. Louis, Thursday, May 16, 1901

Price Five Cents



THE MIRROR



A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE



WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR



The Famous Bottled Beers

of the Great

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.



The Original Budweiser,
Anheuser-Busch Export Pale,
Exquisite "American Pilsener,"
Black and Tan,
The Faust,
Anheuser Standard,
Pale Lager,

are obtainable on all Pullman and Wagner Dining and Buffet Cars, Ocean and Lake Steamers, at all First Class Hotels, Finest Clubs and Cafes, and in all the best families. Used by the U. S. Army and Navy.

Malt-Nutrine — the strengthening Food-Drink, for ill or well, is prepared by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n.

EXHIBITION

OF THE

AUGUST GROSS Collection of Paintings

BY EUROPEAN MASTERS,

Embracing the English, French and Dutch Schools,
under the direction of

MR. GEORGES STIEFFEL,

Late of the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.,

AT

Noonan & Kocian's,

617 Locust Street,

ST. LOUIS.

V=P Vandalia= Pennsylvania Lines.

BETWEEN

ST. LOUIS AND THE FAR EAST.

SERVICE UNSURPASSED,

ROADBED PERFECT,

SCHEDULE FOR CONVENIENCE.

Through Trains to Philadelphia and New York
Leave St. Louis

8.44 AM. 1.00 PM. 11.35 PM.

and for intermediate points,

2.40 AM. 8.04 AM. 8.15 PM.

When returning from the East don't forget the new train which leaves Pennsylvania Railroad, 23d street Station, New York, at 5:55 p. m., and reaches St. Louis 9:40 p. m. next day.

E. A. FORD,

G. P. A.

J. M. CHESBROUGH,

ST. LOUIS.

ASS'T G. P. A.

"Expansion!"

TWO RACKS O TEXAS



The new Red River Division is now open—through train service between St. Louis—Kansas City and Northern Texas via Denison—Sherman.

TICKET OFFICE, 101 NORTH BROADWAY.

The Mirror.

VOL. 11—No. 14

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1901.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

206-209 OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: A. LENALIE, 939 Eighth Avenue, Van Dyck Building, New York City.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

TO THE FLITTERS.

GOING away for the summer? Have the MIRROR sent after you. However much you may flit, the address will be changed as often as this office is notified.

MAUDE AND SARA.

THE MIRROR'S appreciation of Maude Adams as the *Duc de Reichstadt*, and its impressionistic analysis of the personality of Sara Bernhardt, will be printed together under the caption, "THE TWO EAGLETS," in the issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS for May. They are reprinted by request of many readers of this paper who liked them at the time of their appearance. The articles are of especial value to lovers of the theater and of interest to those who are concerned with the subtleties of "the eternal feminine."

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.

CONTENTS.

REFLECTIONS: Buffalo Bill, Fra Elbertus, Hair, etc.—	
Confessed—An Aspect of Reform—Oil—Senator Vest on Democracy's Future—Jews—The Pope's Successor—The Noise Gusher—The MIRROR Serial and Short Story—A Chance for a Man—Herkomer's Dirty Trick—Crookedness in Our Circuit Court—Echoes of the Streets—The Delectable Mountains—Union Station Park—Missouri a Pivotal State—Bricks, Dollars and Men—The American Husband in Paris—Optimism as to the Business Future—A Notable Article—Raise the Teachers' Salaries—Jumping-Jack Johnson—Progress—Diamonds in the Daytime, etc.	1-6
THE MATERNITY PROBLEM: By Frances S. Porcher.	6-7
TO RESTORE THE CANTEN: Its Abolition Was a Mistake.	7
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF: (Poem).	7
THE IMITATOR: (A Novel).	7-9
AN ALPINE APRIL: (Poem).	9
GOODWIN'S SHYLOCK.	10
SOCIETY.	11
NEW BOOKS. Brief Reviews.	12
THE MIRROR SHORT STORY: The Sabretache.	14
REPRINTED BY REQUEST.	15
THE STOCK MARKET.	16
A MAN AND THE WOMAN'S CLUB.	20-21

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

IN a few days the edition of Ernest McGaffey's "Sonnets To a Wife" will be ready for distribution. Those persons who have sent their orders to the MIRROR office will be served before any of the books are put on sale at the news-stands. The orders continue to come in a most astonishing way; that is it is astonishing in a time when we are told that the people do not care for poetry. The editor of the MIRROR has written a foreword for the volume in a vein that is appreciative but not uncritical in tone. No effort has been spared to make the book in every way worthy of the subject matter thereof. No person truly appreciating the sonnets will refuse to say that they are put forth in just such form as their quality makes appropriate. From present indications the edition will be exhausted within a short time. Those who wish to make sure of securing copies of the first book of real literature ever issued in St. Louis would do well to send in their orders immediately. Orders will be filled in the order of their receipt, without exception.

REFLECTIONS.

Buffalo Bill, Fra Elbertus, Hair, etc.

THIS is a great hirsute week we have been having. Elbert Hubbard and Buffalo Bill have been with us synchronously, each with a mane like Absalom. Elbert writes and speaks as graceful-vigorously as Bill rides. Both are educators, for if Elbert runs the Roycroft shop, Bill has founded a rough-riding, shooting, lassoing academy out in Wyoming. Both are artistic showmen. Both are distinctively American products. Buffalo Bill has done much for literature. His own biography has been written, and he figures in several dime novels. Fra Elbertus has been a cattle-punching cowboy. "Oh, East is East, and West is West," though the East be Aurora and the West be Wild, and the people cough up the "case" with gladness "when two strong men come face to face, though they come from the ends of the Earth." Philosopher and frontiersman, homilist and hippodromist, satirist and sharp-shooter, both are geniuses, with no doubters thereof except, mayhap, the members of the Barber's Union, who feel a tingling yearning in their fingers' ends at sight of so much hair on each "so dear a head." Cody has his function no less æsthetic than Hubbard's. Hubbard savors of the soil not less than Cody, while his occasional controversial method is no less dashingly effective than the swoop of Bill to the rescue of the stage coach. Each is an historic figure of this time, and each has an affectionate following. Of each may it be truly ejaculated, "Blessed is the man who has found his work" and found it in the great, glorious, jolly American public. The man who knows his business, and can make himself interesting by knowing it better than any one else, and can give it an individuality of his own, always captures the public here, but in two such geniuses as Hubbard and Cody I find one flaw. Why the hirsuteness? The peculiarity is played out. It is absolutely adscititious as to genius. There is no essential relationship between it and art. An autogenetic individuality should be superior to the capillary convention that has exercised so strange a coercive influence upon creatures like Paderewski and upon the original of *Bunthorne*. Samson's strength was in his hair, but it is not physical strength like Samson's that Buffalo Bill and East Aurora Elbert stand for, but moral strength that can withstand a dozen Delilahs. This esoteric relationship between hair and art, hair and heroism, hair and spiritualism, hair and poetry, hair and socialism, is something that passes comprehension. Why should hair on the scalp be poetic, romantic, heroic, artistic, soulful, while hair on the face is only funny? We find hair of this sort a

factor in the fame of Hall Caine, Zangwill, Le Gallienne, and innumerable other literarians. To the taste of some people such hair is almost as much out of place as it would be in boarding-house butter or hash, but then the people who feel that way are, it must be admitted, not those whose souls respond to the appeal of higher things. Far be it from me to quarrel with a man for the way he wears his hair. It is enough for me if he can awaken my ideals from the atrophy superinduced by the necessity of keeping straight a sublimely small account at the bank, as Hubbard does by his smooth style and his purring philanthropism, or if he can make me live again, as Cody makes one, the days when I had a Beadle novel in each pocket, and a great dream in my head of being some day as great a slaughterer of redskins as Ned Buntline or Big Foot Wallace. If any man can keep up our idealism and revive our youth he may be as hairy as the king who went out and fed on all our fours with the beasts of the field, or he may sprout feathers. He may strive as much for picturesque difference from the mass as he pleases, if only for an hour or two he may carry us out of sodden, soggy, sordid self and surroundings, forward to some mythical land of Heart's Desire, or back to the Golden Age of Youth and Dreams.

Confessed

THE man who wrote the "Love Letters of An Englishman" has confessed. There are no extenuating circumstances—not even the admission that he made \$125,000 by the deed. In fact the latter point is an aggravation of the offense. There is no adequate punishment for his crime, unless he were compelled to read the book himself once a year for the rest of his natural life. Laurence Houseman is the male Miss Corelli who perpetrated the crime, and he can't claim any inventiveness, for an American girl, Amelie Rives, set him a pace in "The Quick or the Dead" that he never reached.

An Aspect of Reform

AT least Professor D. Herron didn't apply his applied Christianity to his domestic affairs with that artistic touch which we find in the conduct of that distinguished, advanced lady Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman. This lady didn't think that her marriage experiment was satisfactory. Did she desert Mr. Stetson? Not at all. She felt that her baby interfered with her mission to uplift the world? Did she throw the babe into a vacant lot? Not at all. She sent for her friend, a Miss Channing, and got her to come and live with her and Mr. Stetson and the baby. Then, when she had engineered things to the right stage of affection between Miss Channing and Mr. Perkins, Mrs. Perkins got a divorce. Then Mr. Perkins married Miss Channing, and they kept the baby, while the baby's mother went buoyantly about her business, reforming the world in all sorts of ways. Then, after a little experience in reforming, she marries Mr. Gilman—after having declared, to a certain extent, her disbelief in marriage. Now all this shows how much cleverer a woman is than a man when it comes to these charming, little, social readjustments. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman hasn't had a bit of trouble. Nobody has refused to meet her. We editors continue to print her poetry. And poor Applied Christianity Herron gets into all sorts of hot water. He divorced his wife, but he hasn't yet married Miss Rand, if ever he had such intent, and yet we look with scorn upon him. I submit that this is all wrong,—this stone the man, let the woman go free. There should be a single standard of morality—for men and for women. Why cannot Professor Herron do what Mrs. C. P. S. Gilman did and still be received into Society, as she is—in that exalted intellectual society that intends to reform the whole earth? It is unjust—this discrimination against a male, against a male philosopher, against a male philosopher with whiskers

like Professor Herron's. If a man is a professor of applied Christianity why not let him be a professor of Applied Christianity, and if he wants to apply it in such ways as seem to kick a lung out of the Seventh Commandment, why shouldn't he be permitted to do so without comment, as was Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman? Has a man no right to apply his Christianity as he wishes? What are the Ten Commandments, anyhow? They're not Christian, but Jewish. Were we not told to love one another? And isn't Mr. Herron doing it just as far as his capacity will carry him, just like Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman? It is a shame that such a man should be persecuted. How is reform to proceed to its ultimate, unless we allow the reformers to begin at first principles. They want to assist natural selection, you know, and they, being in their own opinion, the select, they figure it out that the best thing for the world is, that the select should be unrestricted in their selectiveness, for how can selection be made except by experiment? And the Seventh Commandment, with its corollaries positive, is the cause of all the trouble in this world, anyhow. Therefore, the Reformers would abolish it. At least, they usually get around to that fundamental reform before they stop.



Oil

WESTERN oil discoveries are multiplying. Pretty soon there will be a sufficient supply of the substance to enable every State to spread a film of it on its swamps and ponds, and thus suppress the mosquito nuisance in the warm weather, and the spread of malaria and even yellow fever. Western and Southern oil, too, will be effective, poured on the troubled politics of the section that produces economic chills and fever. The edge is taken off repudiation when men like Hogg and Mills become millionaires.



Senator Vest on Democracy's Future

SENATOR VEST, of Missouri, a grand old man in truth, says that silver can't be the issue in 1904, unless the new gold fields suddenly become barren. He thinks either Gorman or Olney would be available candidates for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket, but he intimates that if the position of the Republicans is right and prosperity continues, there will be no need of a Democratic policy, as many Democrats will go fishing. With all respect for Senator Vest, it may be in order to remark that Arthur Pue Gorman can never be elected President. The people, judging him by his foxiness of methods in the past, will not trust him. He is too much of a politician in the same way as David B. Hill. Mr. Olney as a candidate would mean the rehabilitation of what has been known as Clevelandism, and while Mr. Olney is undoubtedly a strong man, he wobbled on the Philippine question in 1900. If the party is to go back to Olney it might as well go back all the way and renominate Mr. Cleveland, which is out of the question. Revolutions, moreover, never go backward. The men who captured the Chicago convention in 1896, will never be brought back to the support of the policies against which they then revolted. Of course much may happen in three years, and Senator Vest knows more politics when he is asleep than I do in a decade, but it seems to me that there is no chance for the Democracy to win until there shall come a revolt in the Republican party and that revolting element shall be united with Democrats who were not stampeded by the crown of thorns and cross of gold. It seems to me that the Populists must sooner or later find their natural allies in the high protectionists of the Republican party, and that the conservative elements now calling themselves Democrats or Republicans must come together to make war upon the Socialism of the syndicate, and the Socialism of the denying demagogue. On such a re-alignment of forces Mr. Olney might possibly be a candidate, but Mr. Gorman never. But as the land lies now the candidate of the Democracy must be a person who will appeal to the sentiment that was embodied in the cry for free silver. No out-and-outer of gold-bugism could get the full Democratic vote. No out-and-outer for silver can get the full Democratic vote. The people

are not in the mood just yet to accept a straddler. The West is not yet ready to surrender its supremacy in the Democratic party. The Western element is beginning to distrust the loyalty of the South, almost as much as it distrusts the East, as one may readily perceive from a perusal of such inspired organs as the *Commoner* and the *Chicago Public*, and this distrust militates against both Gorman and Olney. Mr. Francis, of Missouri, Senator Vest thinks unavailable, because Missouri is a surely Democratic State, but the Senator evidently does not consider the fact that continuous prosperity may sap Democracy, and that Mr. Francis might possibly keep Missouri from falling out of line, might be acceptable, if any gold bug could be, to the West, and would at the same time appeal to that new business sentiment in the South that dislikes the recent brand of Democracy, because of its hostility to business. Ex-Governor Stone doesn't think Missouri is surely Democratic. Neither does Ex-Governor Stephens. If it be not so then the appeal of David R. Francis to State pride might insure its fidelity to the party. Senator Vest's argument against Mr. Francis is strange, as he placed Mr. Bland, of Missouri, in nomination at Chicago in 1896. If there is going to be any reorganization of the present Democracy there will be no sure Democratic State, outside "the black belt." The silver fanatics will see to that. In that event a man from the middle of the country, who would appeal to East and West, North and South, would be the man wanted. Mr. Francis, of Missouri, is every whit as available as Mr. Carter Harrison, of Illinois, or Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, and less objectionable than either to the business elements of all sections. Senator Vest, however, gives weighty opinion on such a matter. The vital point of his attitude is his assertion that the candidacy of the Nebraskakler is "impossible" and out of the question.



Jews

THE Jews, Kuehn, Loeb & Co., were the only big concern that didn't show a trace of *Shylock* when money went to a Gargantuan premium during the panic in Wall street. They were loaning at 6 per cent when some of the Christians were asking 40. The country has noted the fact and Jacob Schiff is "the whitest man in Wall street." But why should we be astonished, or why should we note, as if at all remarkable, the fact that a Jew is not rapacious or is merciful to a debtor? Was not the Savior Himself a Jew?



The Pope's Successor

A PARAGRAPH in this paper last week pointed out the absurdity of the claim that Pope Leo XIII had named his successor in his will. Incidentally it was asserted that the only thing that can be predicated with certainty of the next occupant of the Chair of Peter is that he will be an Italian. There has been much talk of an American, that is a Yankee, Pope. That's just our natural, national expansiveness of the time manifesting itself in our Catholic fellow citizens. They don't see why our rising influence in the world should not dominate Papacy, little thinking that such an attitude is schismatical, if not heretical, since the true Catholic cannot admit that mundane political interests, as usually understood, apart from any spiritual prompting, have any influence in the selection of a Pope. The next Pope will be an Italian. If there was any doubt of this the results of the last Consistory have removed it, for of the twelve new Cardinals then and there created ten are Italians. The Sacred College, therefore, now contains forty Italians to twenty-seven of other nationalities, and the election of a "foreign" Pope becomes almost impossible. The only reason, indeed, for supposing it conceivable is, as a London paper well puts it, the extreme violence of the precautions taken against it. The Italians, it is also pointed out, only trust each other. They dominate the Church and, indeed, if it were not for their influence in the Church Italians would not count for much as a people or a power. This is true, even though the Church be oppressed. To the world of thought the Church, even shorn of its temporal power, is a mightier force than the kingdom of Italy. The Pope himself has complained that "several States separated

by stretches of territory have declared war upon religion," that is, upon the monastic system, which is now threatened in France, Spain, Portugal, and Austria-Hungary. These States have been hitherto Catholic as to the general feeling of their populations, and such signs of wavering naturally confirm the Italians in their belief that they are the only persons to be trusted to preserve the Church. They have, therefore, solidified themselves in the College of Cardinals, "to make assurance doubly sure" that there shall be no "foreign" Pope. What the effect of a foreign Pope upon the Church would be, is an interesting matter for speculation, but it is certain that it would be such a departure from tradition as seriously to shake the Catholic faith which puts such emphasis upon the value of tradition. An American Pope would surely be a revolution, for no American can possibly think of institutions as does an Italian. No American priest, for instance, can look upon a Protestant and see what an Italian priest would see. While, as has been said, the Church's steady adherence to Italians as rulers "helps the tendency of Roman Catholicism to become the creed of the Latin world and of no other," it seems perfectly clear that the essential thing for the continuity of the Church as a great influence is that no change shall be attempted, for change once begun must destroy the institution's solidarity.



The Noise Gusher

THE Noise from Nebraska still proclaims his belief in fusion with the Populists. The Noise means that he believes the Populists should be supreme. The Democrats have had enough of fusion in which Democracy was swallowed up in Socialism. The Populists have had enough of fusion in which they furnished votes and Democrats got the jobs. Both have had enough of the Noise, who has twice demonstrated that the country wants nothing of himself and his theories. The Noise is very noisy. He is the sort of gusher that the country is not interested in, although he is quite a well of natural gas.



The "Mirror" Serial and Short Story

IN the serial novel "The Imitator," publication of which begins in this issue of THE MIRROR and will continue for fourteen issues more, at least, three persons of National prominence figure among the chief characters, under other names, of course. One of these is a celebrated Society Person of whose striking performances and pranks the daily papers have contained columns of description. This Society Person is portrayed with a fidelity that will surely amuse the public if not the person described. The second character of National notoriety is a Literary Person who is also a person of position. His books and essays have been much commented upon while his personality is fully as amusing as the novelist makes it out to be in the brilliant bit of fiction. The third personality in this *roman a clef* is a celebrated American actor, who has been as highly approved as harshly condemned both for his artistic work and for his individual attitude toward things in general. The portrait is painted "warts and all." In fact all three are not so much portraits as vivisections and they are the work of an expert wielder of the scalpel. The authorship of the novel is kept a secret, but the most casual reader will not fail to perceive that the writer has had some opportunity for the study of the various worlds in which these characters move. The peculiar feature of the novel is that it is, while intensely veritistic, a fantastic tale. Incidental to the character drawing there are brilliant flashes of criticism upon drama, art, music, literature and social conditions in this country. The work will create some excitement on the rialto, in Gotham's 400, in the Chicago 4000 and in many other quarters. I think that no MIRROR reader who pursues the story to the end will have cause to complain that he was not continuously interested and thrilled by a story done by a master hand, even though there is some vitriol in the ink. For the benefit of those old readers of the MIRROR who have always enjoyed, sometimes wondered at and puzzled over, and have sometimes been shocked at the regular short story, it is hereby declared that there shall be one

complete short story in each issue, notwithstanding the appearance of the much-to-be-discussed key-novel. The short story, original or selected, but always striking for execution, originality, or some other unique quality, will hereafter be found in the narrow column department of the paper.

A Chance for a Man

THERE'S a great chance politically in New York City politics just now for some man to come out of the ruck into a prominence that may make him President four years hence. The man elected Mayor of New York City, if a Republican of the right stature, might easily be a candidate for the place now held by William McKinley. A Democrat of the highest type might easily step from the City Hall in Gotham to the White House. In the present condition of affairs it seems likely that both parties will put forward the best kind of men, Tammany in order to offset the revolt against that body, the Republicans to solidify all the opposition to Tammany. In the present condition of National politics, both parties are looking for new men for leadership. Mr. McKinley is barred by the third term tradition. Mr. Roosevelt is not tractable enough for the Republican bosses. The Democrats are weary of the perpetual candidate. The man who can be elected Mayor of New York and be the right kind of Mayor will command immediately the attention of all the Warwicks of the organization to which he may profess allegiance.

Herkomer's Dirty Trick.

HUBERT HERKOMER, the distinguished artist, grossly insulted in London a beautiful American girl who was visiting his house and sitting to him for her portrait. Mr. Herkomer has been called upon to retract things he said about her, and he refers the callers to his solicitors. The case is mysterious, but, in any event, Herkomer appears to have acted like a cur. I see they—that is the artists—are blaming it upon his excess of artistic temperament. Now the artistic temperament may possibly be an excuse for not cutting one's hair or not paying one's bills, or for swooning before sunflowers, or for wide and deep drunks of whiskey or opium, but the artistic temperament is not an excuse for turning a lady out of one's house or for circulating nasty stories about her in the circles in which she moves. Mr. Herkomer appears to have done these latter things and to have excused himself by saying that other people had told him, but the other people have told the American girl that they never told Herkomer anything, and have made affidavit to that effect. But, so far as Herkomer is concerned, it doesn't make any difference whether what he said was true or false. He acted like a cad and as brutally as a coster might treat a discarded "dona." He should have said nothing and he should have treated the girl as a woman, if not as a high-born lady, instead of forcing her into the streets. Herkomer may be crazy, as a result of his artistic temperament, but it is much more probable that he is simply a contemptible male gossip—the most contemptible thing that wears breeches. If he had done in New York or Chicago or St. Louis, what he has done in London, taking the most fantastically favorable construction that can be put upon his treatment of Miss Wakeman, he would be cut dead on the street by every man who ever knew him, would be expelled from every club he belonged to, and the ragamuffins in the street would spit upon him. It is to be hoped that if there be any law in England to fit the case the American girl will make Herkomer suffer for his foully caddish conduct.

Crookedness In Our Circuit Courts

THERE is a paper published in St. Louis called the *Daily Record*. It is a sort of official paper of the circuit court. A rule of court permits lawyers to accept the publication of court proceedings in this paper as official. The paper has a like official character to time-payment houses, banks, money lenders and the mercantile world generally. But the paper can hardly be considered trustworthy any more. It has taken to suppressing court records. It sup-

pressed mention of the filing of a suit for libel against one of the local papers. It did so at a hint from the combination of big daily papers that the combination would take it as a favor if such omission were made. The daily papers never mention libel suits unless the plaintiff loses. Then the thing is printed writ large. Now, if this quasi official *Daily Record* will suppress one court proceeding for one cause, it may suppress another for another cause. It may garble the accounts of court proceedings in a cause, for friendship to one party or another, for cash. It may suppress the fact that a mortgage was filed or a judgment was entered against some one, and business men accepting the paper as official may lose money through suppression of those facts. A lawyer may lose a case by some suppressed entry. A bank may fail to protect itself because of some suppressed mortgage. Who can trust the officiality of the *Daily Record* when it admits that, in order to curry favor with the daily newspaper combination to discourage persons from entering suits for libel against newspapers, it suppresses the fact that such a suit was filed. The *Daily Record*, by such an admission, brings upon itself the suspicion of crookedness and none of the people who depend upon it for exact information as to anything can be sure that some interest is not tampering with the records. The judges of the Circuit Court should withdraw their official approval from the *Daily Record*. And the incident should be a means of bringing all thinking citizens to a sense of the danger of the daily newspaper combination. If the combination can control an official court record to suppress the fact that newspapers are sued, what can it not do? The daily paper combination can ruin any man or business it does not like. It can even pass criticism upon the decisions of judges and defeat their ambitions for re-election to their offices. The fact that the quasi official court paper should be drifting into the combination and lending its official support to the mutilation of the court records is one that the Circuit Judges should investigate. We don't want the courts dictated to by newspapers and we don't want an official publication to be engaged in "jobbing" either plaintiff or defendant in any cause before our courts. This is tampering with justice with a vengeance, and the MIRROR calls upon the Circuit Court of St. Louis to rescind its order making the *Daily Record* the official transcript of court proceedings.

Echoes of the Streets

WHY doesn't the *Globe-Democrat* permit the person writing the sprightly department called "Echoes of the Street" to sign his name thereto? The work is excellently done. It has variety and vivacity and veracity and the public would like to know whom it must thank for the daily pleasure the department gives. I hope that my calling attention to the matter, as being worthy of the interest of people who can read, will not result in the discharge of the author by the infuriated business office.

The Delectable Mountains

TRULY Mr. Arthur Colton has traveled with the Pilgrim. His collection of short stories, "The Delectable Mountains," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is indeed delectable. Mr. Colton has a style that is extraordinarily fascinating. He uses words with care that they are placed just where they have their full meaning. His descriptions are such that they make you fill in the details for yourself. There is something one must call dryness about his method, something that makes you think you can see him holding himself in check as he writes. He is sketchy in one way, and in another he seems to suggest the detail that sketchiness supposably scorns. Sometimes he is cryptic and even crabbed in his motive, but in any one story the total impress is that of a very genuine sympathy with the woods and waters, hills and dales, women and men—especially with more elemental men, with vagabonds, fanatics, rough-edged folk. He can interpret for you, also, the way a boy sees things. His language is cultured, but he can descend gracefully to dialect. The stories enshrine a succinct, sharp-eyed philosophy of life and, for all the

dryness, he has a sentiment that is true if not effusive. It was a man named Colton, I believe, who wrote a book called "Lacon." Reading "the Delectable Mountains," I could not help thinking that the author had digested "Lacon" and had changed its wisdom into something tinged with humor. One story in the book, "Nausicaa" appealed to me as strongly as anything of Kipling's, and, by the way, there are some snatches of balladry in that tale that imply some excellent swinging barrack-room verse in Mr. Colton's storehouse. "Two Roads That Meet at Salem" is a fine bit of work in which gentleness is developed out of ruggedness by a method rather of suggesting things than saying them. Mr. Colton doesn't imagine things for you. He sets a sort of frame for you to weave the colors of the story for yourself. He is not too explicit at any time, but one can't read "Black Pond Clearing," with its tragedy of the circus-vagabond life without appreciating the method that doesn't tell you things directly, but gives you a picture of something of which the printed words are only vague outlines. There is always more back of what he says. There's a story of a French singer woman who, as we say, "turns down" a bucolic, honest lover, because she realizes that her artistic temperament gives her moods, but not character, and makes her fickle and stamps her generally as the woman one ought not to marry. The way this ingenue person leads up to the delivery of the *conge* is worked out with entrancing delicacy, and the way the man takes it is touched off with a laconism that makes the reader feel the hurt. This book is one of those which fiction-fiends will not fancy. To catch its flavor requires a condition of mental alertness. Those "who don't tumble until a house falls on them," or who have to be hit with a club to be made to feel anything, will not appreciate "The Delectable Mountains." Those who like style in a story, the style that accomplishes by restriction and reserve rather than by elaboration, the tacitness of understanding in the author that the reader has an imagination of his own that may be directed by slight suggestions in words, will like these stories. They are not difficult to one who is passed beyond the stage of wanting his fiction "laid on with a trowel."

Union Station Park

By all means let us have a fine park opposite Union Station. The prospect that now greets one emerging from that splendid structure is disheartening, and the odors are sickening. The first impression of the arriving stranger is that of the cheap and snide. The construction of a park between Market and Chestnut, Eighteenth and Twentieth streets, would set off the fine lines of the station structure and would be a pleasant stroke upon the eye. It would immensely enhance the value of property for a dozen blocks to the north, east and west, the higher taxes upon which would, in a short time, pay the expense of the work proposed. This Union Station park would be an excellent first step towards securing a beautiful city for the World's Fair.

Missouri a Pivotal State

THEY said Lon Stephens was "a dead one" in Missouri, but he's the liveliest political corpse any one has ever seen in this neck of woods. He keeps the State Democratic Syndicate jumping like an ant on a hot rock, with his evangel against turning the party over to the gold bugs and his insistence upon remembering the sainted Bland, "lest we forget." Mr. Stephens has brought the plans of Dickery-Dockery to confusion by his exposure of the machinations of the ring. He points out with much force the fact that the reorganized Democracy will lose the State by repelling the Populists. While he does not say so explicitly, ex-Governor Stephens strongly implies that Missouri is a doubtful State. Governor Stephens' last letter, scarifying Secretary of State Cook, has rallied the silverites against the State Administration. It calls attention to the gold bug capture of the State organization by subterranean methods. Dockery for his dickery disposition is being more generally disliked every day. Stephens stock is going up in the country. Back of Stephens are Stone and Wetmore, and

The Mirror

back of Stone and Wetmore is the Loquacious One, of Lincoln. Missouri will be the pivotal State in the campaign for control of the next National Democratic Convention, and if the reorganizers win in that fight, the State will be pivotal in the election of 1904. The Republicans will have a chance to carry this State in 1904—if they are not foolish. They will have such a good chance that the most likely way to prevent them doing so will be the nomination of a Missourian for President. Ex-Governor Stephens is developing into a National leader of the element that believes there should be no backward step from the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, and the development goes on in spite of the fact that the State Administration smotheres the Stephens letters and interviews in the offices of the leading Democratic papers. The State press is always the tool of the gang in power. It always stifles "criticism within the party," but Stephens has a paper of his own and a personal organization of his own in every county in the State, as has W. J. Stone, and between them they are splitting the Democracy wide open.



Bricks, Dollars and Men

THAT the daily press laboriously celebrates the material aspects of the new Washington University, recently enriched by splendid gifts, there is no denying. We read a surfeit of stuff about the buildings. But the buildings are only the husk of a university. The soul of a great university must be its faculty. Yet we see nothing in the press that indicates any effort being made to make the university something more than a great pile of brick, iron, stone and wood in a commanding location. Without at all admitting any asperity of motive in the matter, I must say that Washington University is not an institution that commands scholarly approval or enthusiasm by virtue of the work of its professors. What are the members of its faculty doing that commands the respect of the learned world? The Botanical College and the Manual Training School are world-famous institutions, but they are hardly to be considered as properly coming under the head of university work. Professor Snow has rank as an authority in history. Professor Nipher has distinction as an investigating physicist. But in the academic field what Washington University professor is making a figure in the world of research? Professor Sears, of the Mary Institute has recently issued a valuable work on Constitutional government. But if one keeps track of the literature that is being turned out by the professors of universities he is compelled to wonder that so little contribution to that literature is made by the great university at St. Louis. It cannot be said that the establishment is up-to-date in the work of its leading men. It cannot be said that its teaching body has any influence in the way of culture upon this community; at least it has no influence at all commensurate with its pretensions. Its thinkers are not in evidence. Their works are not on view. They are neither condemned nor commended for their theories, their facts or their methods. They are not doing as much work as the men at the Missouri State University. They are not so well known to the educated world. Washington University—be it said with all sorrow—is in somewhat of the granny stage. It appears to discourage originality and brilliancy. So far as the ordinary observer is aware, the institution is hardly concerned at all with the activity and variety of contemporaneous work of investigation, criticism or construction. Its staff has few or no celebrities. The institution is not a central focus for culture and it is not a radiating point thereof. It seems to be cut off from all connection with or interest in the labors of professors in universities the world over. The flame of the passion for learning is blanketed. One could hardly be expected to say outright that dullness reigns there and yet—well, one would like to see some proof that the charge of dullness does not hold good. The spirit of the institution does not seem to be of a modern sort. The establishment lacks distinction—aside from the present splendid business management. There are no utterances of importance emanating from the seat of learning. The University does not speak convincingly, compellingly, on any topic, and

when it does speak it seems to do so with a desiccated didacticism that lacks utterly the note of largeness and depth of thought. Washington University does not command the respect it should command, and simply because there is none of the modern spirit of intellectual nimbleness and joyance that is found in like institutions elsewhere. It is super-solemn, ultra-conservative, colorless, mechanical. These are all harsh things to say, but I believe that they should be said and that this is the time to say them. This is the time to protest that fine buildings do not make a university and that millions in buildings are not worth as much as a few thousands well spent upon teachers. The institution may be good along the conventional educational lines, but the nobler thirst for knowledge, the passion for investigation, and the impulse to enlighten the world that is out of college are all painfully lacking. The splendid gifts of Messrs. Cupples, Brookings and Busch should not all go into buildings. Some of the money should be expended in securing professors who are far removed from the easy, routine, unexpansive, unventuresome, uncurious attitude of "the jolly old pedagogue long ago." The elements in this community that have a conception of what a university should be,—a place to seek and find originality, a place to which to turn for the authoritative interpretation of all those movements and suggestions in learning with which a university should concern itself—feel that Washington University does not come up to modern requirements. One might not feel called upon to say this, but for the rather vulgar insistence upon the buildings, etc. It to be hoped that the new university will gather unto itself soon some new men who shall be in touch with the time and whose work shall be something more than a mere keeping pace with their pupils, a stolid adherence to the antiquities of method and a feeling that their full duty is done when they have read and marked examination papers. The university needs sweep and a more intense interest in the advancement of learning. Its faculty should be filled with personalities acting on the larger world beyond the class-room. The university should rank with other universities whose professors are not so withdrawing, so—shall I say it?—clam-like. It lacks personality, originality, virile modernity. Some of the Busch, Brookings, Cupples millions might be well used in providing a faculty that the world may know to be *au courant* with the advanced movement in university work.



The American Husband In Paris

MEN, generally, should thank Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd for her blithesome book, "The American Husband in Paris," just issued by Little, Brown & Co., New York. It is not only a very pleasant two hours' reading, but it reads "the gentler sex," a lesson of much value, under its delightful railery. The dramatic sketch shows the heartless side of the woman whose indulgent husband sends her to Paris each year. It is not a reasoned, but a thoughtless, heartlessness. Mrs. Dodd shows how a woman is apt to pursue silliness and come to believe her husband is an "outsider" when he is actually a great, strong man. The little touches in the book showing how the life of the pushing, fashionable woman tends to set up barriers to the play of domestic affection are valuable. The two leading characters have not quite reached the stage at which they cannot indulge in endearments, but they are very near it. *Mrs. Nash*, the heroine, is almost a woman with a heart ossified by frivolity. She is blinded to the merits of her husband. Her soul is almost surrendered to littleness, and it is only toward the end of the book that she begins to see that her husband is the great man, and that she has been all the while seeking a position of one kind of prominence when her husband had, without her knowledge, won her something better. The beauty of this lesson is, that it is not directly drilled into the reader. It remains as the residuum of the reader's amusement over the comedy. *Mrs. Nash* is an achievement in character-drawing, and the achievement is the better for not being the result of strong lines or high color, and the trifling scenes in which the real affection of *Mrs. Nash* and *George* asserts itself, in spite of the silliness of the woman's

yearning for position, are done in a way to suggest the very real pathos that lurks in the situation of a wife foolishly enamored of the "swim." If many of our society women would read "The American Husband in Paris" I imagine they would open their eyes to the fact that their husbands are being frozen and crowded out of their lives by things not worth while. It is not unlikely that if some of the feminine leaders of American society take up *Mrs. Dodd's* sketch they will inaugurate a new fashion of treating their husbands as if they were the husbands of other women. We hear much of the neglect of wives by husbands owing to the male infatuation with business. We do not hear enough of the neglect of husbands by wives who are given a free swing and a full purse at all times by their indulgent partners. Women in society who run off after fashion often wonder that their husbands drift away from them. Often it is the woman who drifts away first. *Mrs. Dodd* shows us, in her charming book, just how one woman was on the verge of thinking her husband a barbarian devoted to lower things. *Mrs. Nash* came near to growing utterly selfish as a result of her husband's unselfishness. She was so concerned with her own pleasure she was surprised at her husband's distinction. Her awakening is sudden, but not tragic. *Mrs. Dodd's* comedy is a bit of literature that has a decided social value which remains with you after you set the book down with a smile.



Optimism as to the Business Future

IN Wall Street, last Thursday, the expected happened. The country at large is no worse off as a result. One set of gamblers got the money of another set of gamblers, but legitimate business is practically uninjured. The slump means nothing permanent. The development of the country proceeds so rapidly that there is no doubt there must be a steadily higher range of values. Consolidated money is one result of a falling interest rate. The natural tendency is towards a smaller earning power of money and so money must be bunched to make earnings count, while economies are put into effect in order to increase the earnings. Community of interest is the euphemism of business nowadays, for the phrase "we must all hang together or we shall hang separately." Securities must be higher than they were, for the reason that they are rendered more secure by the elimination of competition and the reduction of the cost of doing business. There will be flurries from time to time, securities will go too high and then again they will go too low, but the average will be far above the figures at which they were before the recent era of consolidation began. The men who are developing the country are all optimistic as to the immediate future. They knew that the gamblers were going too far, and they said so. The conservative dealers in securities said the slump would come, but the best expert opinion in the country is that, despite occasional breaks, there must be, for some years, a steady upward tendency. This is information for people who wish to buy for investment. The gamblers who want to make money quickly will still take chances on stocks that are clearly speculative. The good old reliable dividend-payers are going to be worth more money right along. Furthermore, the men who are doing the country's business are not going to allow the gamblers to have their own way. The great warring interests got together to prevent a panic, when their fool partisans in the gambling pit were acting in a way that threatened danger to business. The moneyed interests got together at once and took action to prevent the interest rate on call loans going to ruinous heights. Legitimate business was protected at the first sign of danger. The danger was so great that greater financiers must use all their energy and skill to prevent its recurrence. It is safe to say that the Moguls of the market want no more of such experience as they had for twenty-four hours last week. The men in Wall Street who are engaged in consolidating properties and inaugurating economies are opposed, by their every interest, to insane gambling, for such gambling must react upon their properties and paralyze the country at large unless the men of money come to the front and put an end to the saturnalia of speculation. The

banks stopped the crash. But the banks can't keep fools out of the gambling game. Before the bankrupts, resulting from last Thursday's slump, are free of the courts, there will be others ready to take the chance of going the same road. Gamblers will continue to "go broke," but legitimate business is stronger than the gamblers, and the consolidative tendency or centralizing tendency of modern capital has never more fully justified itself to men than in the recent episodes in which a prompt resort to that tendency was the means to stop a panic. The "big fellows," jumped into the breach to save themselves, it will be said, but while that may be true, they also saved many a little fellow whose business or savings might have gone to pot if the insanity of the gambling element had not been checked. The country is safe in a business way. Hard times are not near at hand. Prices will continue to keep on the upward road, though the progress may be moderate with occasional recessions.



A Notable Article

THE best article written upon the late Queen Victoria, thus far, has appeared in the current *Quarterly Review*. It is written with intense loyalty, but it is pleasantly critical and it gives an excellent study of the woman behind the Sovereign. She was unexpectedly royal at times and then refreshingly unroyal. She had, according to the anonymous author, a streak of dullness in her, and while she believed in "the divine right" she was, in many respects of character, very commonplace. The article to which I refer is such as could have been written only by one who had known Victoria as it is given to few persons to know royalty. It is reverent without being mawkish, and it is cynical without being disrespectful. It tells us that the great Queen was an arrant pretender to interest in literature, that she liked anecdotes of the skim-milk sort, that she never was fascinated by any of her ministers but "Dizzy," that she was susceptible to flattery, that sometimes she had the "giggles." After the terrible deluge of slush that has been emitted about the Queen, this article comes as an authentic document, written by one who has a sense of humor, an eye for niceties of character-points about a human being. No future estimate of Victoria can be made by the historian without the tempering influence of the contribution to the current *Quarterly*.



Raise The Teachers' Salaries

THE St. Louis Board of Education should raise the salaries of the teachers in the public schools. Reasons are, as Shakespeare says, thicker than blackberries. Since the MIRROR took up this matter the daily papers have swung into line, and the *Star*, notably, is doing good work in the cause. That paper makes out a good case on the facts and figures. The minimum salary of teachers in Chicago is \$600 per year. Here it is \$400. There is not that difference in the towns. In St. Louis a janitor in the Board of Education building is paid \$75 per month. That is \$900 per year. A woman of education and refinement does work of an infinitely higher sort for much less. Why? The janitors have votes and, consequently, friends. The teachers have no votes. Politicians don't care for them. The *Star* says that in the printed list of salaries paid by the Board of Education the elevator boys in the Board building are rated on an equality with second assistants in the district schools, with a stipend of \$50 a month. A few months ago the Board of Education, which "has no money to increase teachers' salaries," had enough to increase the salaries of three assistant superintendents from \$3,000 to \$3,500 per year. The assistant superintendents have friends who can do things in politics. The Board of Education contemplates increasing the salary of the Superintendent from \$4,500 to \$6,500. A Superintendent, too, is worthy of his hire, and a good man deserves good pay. But why should there always be money to increase salaries at the top, and always a kick against increasing salaries of the lower grades of employees? The teachers are now on a salary basis that was fixed twenty years ago. At that time salaries were reduced with a promise that when the Board's revenue in-

creased the salaries would be increased. The revenue has increased; the salaries are as they were. The Board has, in that time, wasted money on buildings and repairs—at least it was on the theory that money was so wasted that there arose a great wave of reform that changed the constitution of the Board a few years ago. The money might have been given to the teachers instead of to the boodle contractors. The Board now needs money to provide more school rooms. While the Board owes a first duty to the children, it owes a duty, secondly, to the teachers. The teachers should be paid a living wage, and, as matters stand now, they simply are not paid such a wage. They can live, of course, but there is living and living. They have to buy books to read. They have to pay car fare to and from school, and to and from the headquarters whither they may be summoned on business of various sorts. Most of them use some of their own money in beautifying their classrooms. They have to dress well, for a shabby teacher would be a bad influence upon the pupils. They have to be in touch with the world in many ways, and to be so, requires the expenditure of money. The teacher on a little over \$30 per month is not really much better off than the house servant who gets \$15 per month and board and room—if indeed so well off. For the quality of ability requisite to a good teacher the pay, on the average, is poor beyond all reason. The Board of Education cannot justify any refusal to raise the salaries of teachers. That is one of the first things that should be done now, in view of the fact that rents and prices for everything are going up in this town as a result of the World's Fair project. The rents and prices will be up for some time. Labor of all sorts is the sufferer by a boom in prices, because while, in bad times, it is the first thing to suffer reduction, in good times it is the last to feel the betterment. Labor is the first expense cut, and the last value raised in the market. The Board of Education should set an example to all employers now. It should for once demonstrate that while there is some difficulty in restoring wages once lowered the task is not impossible. The teachers of St. Louis' public schools ask a ten per cent raise. They have been entitled to it on the Board's promise, for many years. Now they need it more than ever because of the increased cost of living. The Board of Education can raise the money if it will.



Jumping-Jack Johnson.

TOM JOHNSON is sloshing around in the Mayor's chair, in Cleveland, Ohio, and splashing lots of stuff into the newspapers about himself and his doings. The new Mayor of St. Louis is not a ground and lofty tumbler nor a spouter of self-glorification for the press, but Rolla Wells will be remembered as a model metropolitan Mayor when Johnson has sunk back into the class with John W. Gates. Johnson is interesting solely because he is a millionaire with reform crankeries. I do not say that Johnson is not right in his views or in the things he professes to wish to do, but I would point out that he is acting the autocrat in the most outlandish manner, over-riding everything and everybody, and caring nothing for consequences. It's all right for a man to be a municipal purifier, but it's all wrong for a municipal purifier to be the whole show, and to hold himself as superior to anything but his own whim and will. Johnson doesn't care for ordinances or courts. He orders a man's house torn down because he doesn't like it, without waiting for any formal legal condemnation. Johnson is going ahead and doing things without authorization of law or law-making bodies, and regarding nothing but his own sense of what is proper. That has its virtues, but no city of any size can afford for long to be governed by a person who regards every statute and ordinance as mere red tape. He is spending the city's money without formal warrant, taking chances on its turning out all right. This makes an interesting municipal administration, of course, but it is mighty dangerous. It is dangerous, for instance, for Mayor Johnson to employ his own people to determine the assessment of city property. The assessment of property is the work of the people elected to do it, not of the private employes of Mr. Johnson. However

right Mr. Johnson may be in his principles he is running amuck in Cleveland, and while he may be showing the folly of red tape and circumlocutionism in city affairs, utterly disregarding the statutes and ordinances and the duties laid out by law for certain officers, he sets himself above the very principle of order and is disporting himself like a genial anarchist. Johnson's a smart fellow, an earnest fellow, a jolly fellow, and even to a great extent a right fellow, but he is running Cleveland with more autocratic sensationalism than Emperor William discloses in his government of Germany. Johnson will muddle things yet, and the city of Cleveland will have to pay for it.



Progress

ST. LOUIS is doing pretty well. It has become, theatrically, "a one night stand." Pretty soon this city will rank as high, in the opinion of the theatrical trust, as Kokomo, Indiana, or Walla Walla, Washington. But hold, this city is not as important as Kokomo. See what happened at Kokomo last Sunday, as the dispatches tell it. Ike Stevens blew in there from the neighboring village of Greentown and set out to quench his thirst. One of his legs is artificial, and he visited all the saloons, leaving a leg as a pledge for the payment of drinks. When he was hauled up in police court it was shown that he had brought to town over a dozen legs, and that he had nothing but legs with which to pay his fine. The Mayor refused to accept a leg, and Stevens went to jail. Such a thing as that couldn't happen in St. Louis. If a man came to this city with a dozen legs he'd be arrested for being an attempted centipede without a license. It is gratifying to know that Nat Goodwin has succeeded in making as successful a one night stand in St. Louis as Ike Stevens made in Kokomo. I doubt very much, though, that if Ike Stevens came here and did his stunt or his stump as he did in Kokomo, the papers outside of this city would print special dispatches about it. Kokomo is more important to the Associated Press than St. Louis. Doubtless the Theatrical Syndicate, represented by Ben Teal, will show Nat Goodwin for four nights in Kokomo. But one night is good enough for St. Louis. Indeed there are some of us who suspect it was too much—except for the saccharissic maximum of the fair Maxine. Still St. Louis is now ranking high as a one night stand with all traveling theatrical companies, as it should, for even now we are not important enough for the newspapers to treat of events here while they print with gleefulness such important occurrences as the twelve-legged jag of Ike Stevens at Kokomo. It would be a great thing if some way could be devised to have the newspapers of the country print the news of important occurrences here as they print the startling things that occur at Kokomo. It would be immense if we could have all the good shows come here for one night. Then all the people from Belleville and De Soto and St. Charles could come into town and tie their horses in Court House Square and see the show, and all the suburbanites with twelve wooden legs could come in and get loaded and pawn their artificial limbs and get arrested and their names in the newspapers, and the whole world would know what a big, big town we're getting to be. The MIRROR believes St. Louis is getting to be a great city and is glad to say that the city shows its appreciation of being made a "one night stand," by heroically standing Goodwin's "Merchant of Venice" for one night.



Diamonds In the Daytime

MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY has been written up as a raree show in the papers. She is eighty years old, tries to look sixteen, has false teeth, has adopted a doctor as a son, has been married three times and divorced once. She denies the existence of death, but the motto on her seal is: *Vincere aut mori*. She is reputed by the citizens of her town to be worth a million. All this a woman tells us about the foundress of a new science of religion and religion of science. All these things she may be, and still be really one worthy to rank with the Saviour as a friend of the world, but can she be such a prophetess and wear diamonds in the daytime? The lady who visited her and wrote her

The Mirror

up, says that, "the front of her bodice is plastered with diamonds." This is worse than false teeth. It is worse even than the fact that, as the newspaper lady says, "she does not disdain the use of toilet preparations" to conceal the evidences of decay. It is terrible to be the foundress of a new religion in these days—terrible. Lady reporters, without reverence, insist upon examining a foundress just as if she were an ordinary person. They say her color is "resolute and vivid." They say her working costume includes "a heavy black-satin skirt, slightly trained at the back, worn with a tight-fitting bodice of purple satin. Duchess lace covers the bodice and is gathered softly about her neck." This person, who tells us that nothing hurts us if we just make up our minds that it doesn't hurt us, actually carries a white parasol to protect herself from the sun, and when she goes riding she wears an ermine collar, a purple bonnet and a queenly robe. The townspeople revel in tales of closed carriages bearing Boston physicians from the Concord station to Mrs. Eddy's house at night. The presence of two men on the box of her coupe rather than one, as formerly, is explained on the ground of Mrs. Eddy's susceptibility to sudden seizures, during which one attendant is insufficient. These attacks, which are described as half hysterical and as having some connection with an uncertain temper, are said to be common incidents of the daily life at Pleasant View. When the lady reporter visited the home of the foundress a furnace was going therein, which seems strange, in view of the fact that there's no such thing as cold, you only think there is, and a furnace is a concession to a popular hallucination. It is evident that the way of the foundress of a new religion and a new science in these days is difficult. It must be difficult for any person, even though not a founder or foundress of a new religion or a new science, to feel at all religious when pursued by a lady reporter. The lady reporter is an alarming person, when she finds out such startling secrets about a person as that the person wears a silk skirt or false teeth. But diamonds in the daytime! Dear me—that's terrible! It is terribly bad form to wear diamonds in the daytime. It took a lady reporter to find out this mark of ungodliness in the unfortunate Mrs. Eddy. Also it took a woman to favor us with the little touch about the Pythoness's uncertain temper. Really there will be no religion or science or temper left in the world if the lady reporter be not restrained, with her voyages through sewers, her interviews with prize fighters, her investigations into everything that doesn't remotely concern her. Really now, though I can't say that I accept a religion or a science that is propagated by a woman who wears diamonds in the daytime, I must admit that there is need of something in this world to make us hope and believe in another where there will be no lady reporters.



Art

At the Noonan & Kocian galleries, on Locust street, Messrs. Auguste Gross and Georges Stiffel have now on exhibition a collection of paintings that no art-lover should miss. Some of the more notable canvases are really gems. Chief in attraction is a Diaz, in which that master has a revel of woodland color and richness. An early Israel reveals that painter in a vein of treatment of flesh and fabric and landscape and sky-scape that suggests at once the Old Masters. Corot is represented by a small landscape, in which the finish is perfection. Daubigny, too, has a picture here that is full of feeling in its treatment. Jacque has a bit of large, cool tree, a shepherdess and some sheep, in finely effective contrast with the Diaz, while Henner has a large, morbid nude with a background that is as superb as the modeling of the reclining figure. A smaller Henner, "Andromeda," is also interesting. A fine Ziem Venetian scene and a characteristic Gerome delight the less exacting taste, while two Kevers and three Ter Meulens are of a strong appeal in different modes. A Bougereau "Cupid" has been seen here before, and a Blommers interior, domestic scene has a decided charm. These paintings are all distinctively of the best of the work of the men mentioned, and typical of the respective schools represented. The Diaz, Daubigny, Jacque and Corot are, in fact, the finest ever brought to the

West in late years, and the collection, as an entirety, is a rare treat to the eye that knows real painting.



A Beautiful Fair

THE MIRROR's suggestion that the World's Fair Directors call into consultation with the committee on site representatives of the National Sculpture Society, National Society of Mural Painters, Society of Landscape Architects, Society of Scenic Electricians, American Institute of Architects and Architectural League of New York, with a view to assuring a beautiful Fair, has been favorably received by the leading spirits of the enterprise and is now being considered. Almost every Director has written the editor of the MIRROR endorsing the general idea of securing a beautiful fair, by securing at the beginning the co-operation of experts in the beautiful in the selection of a site and in broadly outlining the artistic scope of the Exposition. No better way of generating a wider interest in the nobler aspects of the undertaking can be imagined than by inviting the best men of the organizations named to come here and give the management the benefit of their special training and experience. It would be a splendid preliminary advertisement and the result of such deliberations as might be had with the experts would be to hasten the general work to completion and to give us such an effect as can only be produced by the working together of the best minds for the best ends.



The Gift of Sweet Speech

AH me, what a gift is that of beautiful words and sweet reasonableness! The Galveston papers having heard George J. Tansey speak eleventy-two times in one day at the drop of the hat during the St. Louis Business Mens' Excursion through Texas have nominated him for Mayor of all the big towns, Governor and Senator, if only he'll leave Missouri. Texas is going to name a county after him, and you can put a whole State in a Texas county. All the babies that weren't christened McKinley in honor of the President's Texas trip have been christened Tansey. Wherever he has spoken he has been a revelation not only to the Texans but to his fellow voyagers. He and his associates should get a welcome home such as Dave Francis and his companions got when they came home from Washington with Tillman's scalp and the \$5,000,000 appropriation. The Texans in their yearning to woo Mr. Tansey from us are tantlings, for we are just becoming aware of Mr. Tansey's tantivity, and we need him—and more like him.

Uncle Fuller



THE MATERNITY PROBLEM.

BY FRANCES S. PORCHER.

WOMEN are either putting away hypocrisy—and I don't believe it!—or the trend of the times is such that a peculiar kind of frankness is becoming fashionable, owing to the certainty of a large, responsive and sympathetic audience.

Three times in as many weeks have I heard three different women announce that they "hated, positively could not endure children," and the number of women who unblushingly declare they "would not have one of their own for the world," is past counting up.

Some women may always have felt this way, but it is only of very recent date when they would express their feelings upon this subject as openly and carelessly as they do now, and the very fact betokens that the feeling is more general than a superficial observer would suspect. And so this small quoted breath of woman's speech, which is but part of a mighty breath of thousands of women's voices, shouting forth out of the fulness of their hearts, brings us close up to two questions—What of the Race?—What of the women themselves? (In truth it is but one question since we cannot separate Women and the Race.)

Verily, the woman who "hates" children, and she who detests motherhood, are neither one fit to hold in her power the slightest possibility of perpetuating the Race; it is a poor kind to send representatives down the "echoing halls

of Time," and a poorer kind to start new souls upon an eternal journey. If the Buddhist theory of soul-evolution be true, then are the human "accidents"—for which such women are too often, alas! responsible, in spite of their protests—most terribly handicapped in their progress toward Nirvana.

However, the mother to whom a child is a deplorable "accident" thinks little and cares less about its soul-evolution, her own breadth of mind and spirit being only great enough to hold an intense disgust that the casualty of maternity should have happened to her, coupled with the resolve that there shall be no such recurrence in the future.

What does it all mean? The best and bravest of us do not sigh for large families. The stress and strain of a world, mad and drunk with its own civilization, is upon us. The eternal question of, not only, "what" but "how" shall we eat and drink and "wherewithal shall we be clothed"—we and our children—and in what manner shall we educate them? stands like a warning phantom across the path of the Future. We are far, far away from the youth of the world and the care-free delights of the Epicurean philosophy. It is not To-day but To-morrow that presses upon us, and so with sterner eyes and a deeper burden of responsibility we weigh the chances of that To-morrow into which we must send, armed or unarmed, fit or unfit, the children that we bear.

This feeling one can understand; it is but the tentacles of a watchful mother-love that would reach out and protect. We study the condition of life more now than our mothers and grandmothers did. The world is fuller of people and possibilities and the rush and jar and fret are greater. There is a tremendous tide of Action about us and we must hold our own or be carried off our feet and so, by reason of our own strenuous efforts for ourselves, we realize what awaits those who are dearer than ourselves. It is no longer a question of blind faith in an over-ruling Providence, it is the heavier weight of individual accountability that we feel we owe both to our children and to an intelligent Providence, as intelligent creatures.

But what of us, as women, when the sight of a little child is obnoxious, the patter of its feet rasping to our nerves and the sound of its voice a despicable discord in the outer harmonies? Not one special child, but any child, children, no matter whose or how trained. Take this case as in point: A few days ago a well-dressed woman, between thirty and forty apparently, applied for board for herself and husband in a private family in the West End. "One thing I should insist upon," she said, "that there are no children ever in the house. I hate them; I do not visit my own sister because she has one. I would not have one of my own under any circumstances. And we must dine alone, as we are both very nervous and we require separate apartments." When she went on to state that they had boarded at the Planters, St. Nicholas and the Franklin without being able to get away from children, it struck the writer, who was an amused auditor, that perhaps only in Hades would this couple be able to secure a congenial boarding-house, that being the only locality within the bonds of advanced human belief where children are eliminated. (A Calvinist might even take issue at this, but there is no accounting for all tastes.) The foregoing incident is not a whit colored, it is too boldly true and questionings among professional boarding-house keepers reveal the fact that it is not an uncommon incident. "There are plenty of women who hate a child in the house," said one, "and I remember once that I promised to board a very sweet little woman, wife of a naval officer, with one child, and when I told my other boarders, every woman and man in the house threatened to leave it if I did, so I had to write to her that she could not come." No room in a houseful of men and women for one little child!

Heaven help the Race when those who produce it despise children and loathe maternity. And Heaven help us all as our women become neurotics and, leaving the sweet sufficiency of Nature, drift into strange unrestful ways, their whole spirit in protest against the Power which made them mothers of men. Something is wrong, everything is

wrong, when the bare presence of a child arouses antagonism and repulsion in a woman's heart. The Race and the Women of the Race have gone ages backward when a little child's hand and the touch of a baby's lips cannot lift a woman into the divinity of her womanhood.

TO RESTORE THE CANTEEN.

ITS ABOLITION WAS A MISTAKE.

WHEN Congress abolished the post canteens in the army it was supposed that the result would be a diminution of drunkenness among the soldiers, at least the Prohibitionists supposed that would be the result. But the officers of the army are finding that the abolition of the post canteen increased drunkenness.

Rev. William J. Dalton, of Detroit, Mich., a Catholic priest, a Knight of Father Mathew, a total abstainer, has written to the War Department a letter that must go far to help the movement certain to be made in the next session of Congress to restore the canteen. The reverend gentleman's statement of the results of his observation have a bluntness that is convincing.

"While at Detroit," he says, "I had an opportunity to see soldiers from the neighboring fort and I never saw them so drunken. During the many times I have visited cities contiguous to army posts, including Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and Detroit, I have watched the soldiery. I did that because I like to study the men a nation depends upon for its very life. Always I found well behaved and sober men. Imagine my horror last week, however, to see the same men reeling drunk and next to fighting mad. It was all the canteen law. In the past they could have their glass of beer on a hot day, or something stronger when the air was sharp. They got good stuff and got not too much, because there was an officer of the guard near by, with a lot of armed sentries doing police duty. Now, the soldier must go down town to get his drink, and without that supervision which before kept him straight. He is filled with vile stuff, a concoction perhaps of tobacco and alcohol, and instead of having a commissioned officer to warn him he has had enough and to forbid the bartender selling any more, he has a beast of a companion urging him to spend every cent he has. The result is the only result that can be obtained—the man is drunk; that is bad enough, but he overstays his leave and has to go up for punishment. That makes deserters."

This clergyman declares that he never saw anything that so quickly drove sober men into drunkards' shoes as the operation of the anti-canteen law. "All the good the women who forced the law upon the country intended to do they have undone, and all the good that was being done without them they have utterly ruined."

This clergyman, friend of the soldier, Knight of Father Mathew, cannot be accused of being in the pay of the brewers to create a sentiment favorable to a restoration of the canteen.

An Associated Press dispatch from Chicago, dated May 11th, also furnishes damning evidence against the effect of the canteen law. The dispatch relates that when on the morning of the date given, the non-commissioned officers at Fort Sheridan commenced to check up the roll call, they discovered that seventy-three of the members of the Twenty-ninth regiment had been delinquent in their duty. Then they commenced inflicting punishment upon their men. Squads were told off to wash windows in quarters and to polish the camp. Soldiers who were too much under the influence of liquor to perform these duties were confined to their quarters or sent to the guardhouse. The number of men who suffered punishment as a result of the spree the day before was unprecedented. Up to Saturday the largest number of men who were punished on one day was eight. When reveille sounded Saturday morning thirty-three men were still absent. Fights were frequent. A number of soldiers were confined in the guardhouse while some were arrested Friday night by the officials of the town of Highwood.

The canteen system abolished the pay-day spree. The men did their drinking on the post grounds and they could not get whiskey. Now they leave the grounds and get whatever they like. The report from Fort Sheridan is duplicated in the news from every other army post. A few more pay days and Congress will have enough evidence in the matter to restore the canteen in a jiffy. The fact is made plain that the Prohibitionists, in enforcing the abolition of the canteen, not only did not contribute to the promotion of total abstinence but actually succeeded in sweeping away the only restriction there was upon intemperance in the army.

Congress cannot too quickly re-establish the canteen. The army must not be ruined to please a lot of fanatics. Regulation of liquor in the army is practicable. Prohibition is impracticable and promotive of every evil that its advocates profess to desire to cure. The soldiers apparently will drink when they want to. They would drink where they would not get drunk, if allowed to do so. But when they are driven away from discipline and beyond supervision to get the fiercer sorts of liquor they are drugged, robbed, beaten, arrested and made to desert. Common sense demands that the soldier be protected from the harpies who prey upon him, but Prohibition turns him loose in the gratification of his appetites and into the clutches of the thriving, poisoning keepers of grogeries beyond the lines of the post. By all means, restore the canteen.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

THE LEAF.

"THERE'S love that lasts all seasons through,"
Said the evergreen leaf—"and love less true,"
She added, turning to the flower,
"Love that scatters before the shower."

THE FLOWER.

"Think not, proud Leaf of evergreen,
I'd change my cloak of varied sheen
For thine monotonous and sad—
I, like a star in summer clad."

THE LEAF.

"Green is the livery of the trees
That scorn the storm cloud, kiss the breeze,
And if I might I would not choose
Your dress, and live among the dews."

"Blind prey of every wandering foot,
Thin stalk that slender hands uproot,
See now where yonder clouds uprise,
And in your bosom close your eyes!"

THE FLOWER.

"What though the wanton storm should tear
And far away my beauty bear,
My heart another home shall find,
Whereto 'tis carried by the wind."

"And if the rain should pierce my soul,
The sun shall shine to make me whole.
Another fate awaiteth thee—
A lingering death upon the tree."

"Through the long nights the searching darts
Of winter seek the forest hearts,
Till, bending low each frozen head,
The trees their withered splendor shed."

"Then shall the flaunting forest take
Another hue of frost and flake:
Then shalt thou shiver, crisp and hoar,
Now by warm sunlight gilded o'er."

Thus bandied they in foolish wise
Such words as jealous hearts devise,
The while across the meadow strayed
A child, and by the Flower delayed.

She plucked and wove it in a chain;
Upon the bough a drop of rain
Fell plashing through the laden air—
The Leaf lay buried in her hair.

From Literature.

THE IMITATOR.

A NOVEL.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by W. M. Reedy.)

CHAPTER I.

"THE thing is already on the wane," said young Orson Vane, making a wry face over the entree, and sniffing at his glass, "and, if you ask me, I think the general digestion of society will be the better for it."

"Yes, there is nothing, after all, so tedious as the sham variety of a table d'hôte. Though it certainly wasn't the fare one came to this hole for."

Luke Moncreith turned his eyes, as he said that, over the place they sat in, smiling at it with somewhat melancholy contempt. Its sanded floor, its boisterously exposed wine-barrels, the meaningless vivacity of its Hungarian orchestra, evidently stirred him no more.

"No; that was the last detail. It was the notion of dining below stairs, as the servants do. It had, for a time, the charm of an imitation. Nothing is so delightful as to imitate others; yet to be mistaken for them is always dreadful. Of course, nobody would mistake us here for servants."

The company, motley as it was, could not logically have come under any such suspicion. Though it was dining in a cellar, on a sanded floor, amid externals that were illegitimate offsprings of a *Studenten Kneipe* and a crew of Christy minstrels, it still had, in the main, the air of being recruited from the smart world. At every other table there were people whom not to know was to argue oneself unknown. These persons obviously treated the place, and their being there, as an elaborate effort at gaiety; the others, the people who were plainly there for the first time, took it with the bewildered manner of those whom each new experience leaves mentally exhausted. The touch of rusticity, here and there, did not suffice to spoil the sartorial sparkle of the smart majority. The champagne that the sophisticated were wise enough to oppose to the Magyar vintages sparkled into veins that ran beautifully blue under skin that held curves the most aristocratic, tints the most shell-like. Tinkling laughter, vocative of insincerity, rang between the restless passion of the violins.

"When it is not below stairs," continued Vane, "it is up on the roof. One might think we were a society without houses of our own. It is, I suppose, the human craving for opposites. When we have stored our sideboards with the finest glass you can get in Vienna or Carlsbad, we turn our backs on it and go to drinking from pewter in a cellar. We pay abominable wages to have servants who shall be noiseless, and then go to places where the service is as guttural as a wilderness of monkeys. Fortunately, these fancies do not last. Presently, I dare say, it will be the fashion to dine at home. That will make us feel quite like the original Puritans." He laughed, and took his glass of wine at a gulp. "The fact of the matter is that variety has become the vice of life. We have not, as a society, any inner steadfastness of soul; we depend upon externals, and the externals pall with fearful speed. Think of seeing in the mirror the face of the same butler for more than thirty days!" He shuddered and shook his head.

"We are a restless lot," sighed the other, "but why discompose yourself about it? Thank your stars you have nothing more important to worry over!"

"My dear Luke, there is nothing more important than the attitude of society at large. It is the only thing one should allow oneself to discuss. To consider one's individual life is to be guilty of as bad form as to wear anything that is conspicuous. Society admires us chiefly only as we sink ourselves in it. If we let the note of personality rise, our social position is sure to suffer. Imitation is the keynote of smartness. The rank and file imitate the leaders consciously, and the leaders unconsciously imitate the average. We frequent cellars, and roofs, and such places, because in doing so we imagine we are imitating the

The Mirror

days of the Hanging Gardens and the Catacombs. We abhor the bohemian taint, but we are willing to give a champagne and chicken imitation of it. We do not really care for music and musicians, but we give excellent imitations of doing so. At present we are giving the most life-like imitation of being passionately fond of outdoor life; I suppose England feels flattered. I am afraid I have forgotten whose the first fashionable divorce in our world was; it is far easier to remember the names of the people who have never been divorced; at any rate those pioneers ought to feel proud of the hugeness of their following. We have adopted a vulgarity from Chicago and made it a fashionable institution; divorce used to be a shuttlecock for the comic papers, and now it makes the bulk of the social register."

Moncreith tapped his friend on the arm. "Drop it, Orson, drop it!" he said. "I know this is a beastly bad dinner, but you shouldn't let it make you maudlin. You know you don't really believe half you're saying. Drop it, I say. These infernal poses make me ill." He attacked the morsel of game on his plate with a zest that was beautiful to behold. "If you go on in that biliously philosophic strain of yours, I shall crunch this bird until I hear nothing but the grinding of bones. It is really not a bad bit of quail. It is so small, and the casserole so large, that you need an English setter to mark it, but once you've got it,"—he wiped his lips with a flip of his napkin, "it's really worth the search. Try it, and cheer up. The woman in rose, over there, under the pseudo-palm, looks at you every time she sips her champagne; I have no doubt she is calculating how untrue you could be to her. I suppose your gloom strikes her as poetic; it strikes me as very absurd. You really haven't a care in the world, and you sit here spouting insincerity at a wasteful rate. If there's anything really and truly the matter—tell me!"

Orson Vane dropped, as if it had been a mask, the ironical smile his lips had worn. "You want sincerity," he said, "well, then I shall be sincere. Sincerity makes wrinkles, but it is the privilege of our friends to make us old before our time. Sincerely, then, Luke, I am very, very tired."

"A fashionable imitation," mocked Moncreith.

"No; a personal aversion, to myself, to the world I live in. I wish the dear old Governor hadn't been such a fine fellow; if he had been of the newer generation of fathers I suppose I wouldn't have had an ideal to bless myself with."

Moncreith interrupted.

"Good Lord, Luke, did you say ideals? I swear I never knew it was as bad as that." He beckoned to the waiter and ordered a Dominican. "It is so ideal a liquor that when you have tasted it you crave only for brutalities. Poor Orson! Ideals!" He sighed elaborately.

"If you imitate my manner of a while ago, I shall not say what I was going to say. If I am to be sincere, so must you." He took the scarlet drink the man set before him, and let it gurgle gently down his throat. "It smacks of sin and I scent lies in it. I wish I had not taken it. It is hard to be sincere after a drink that stirs the imagination. But I shall try. And you are not to interrupt any more than you can help. If we both shed the outer skin we wear for society, I believe we are neither of us such bad sorts. That is just what I am getting at: I am not quite bad enough to be blind to my own futility. Here I am, Luke, young, decently looking, with money, position, and bodily health, and yet I am cursed with thought of my own futility. When people have said who I am, they have said it all; I have done nothing: I merely am. I know others would sell their souls to be what I am; but it does not content me. I have spent years considering my way. The arts have called to me, but they have not held me. All arts are imitative, except music, and music is not human enough for me; no people are so unhuman as musical people, and no art is so entirely a creation of a self-centred inventor. There can be no such thing as realism in music; the voices of Nature can never be equalled on any humanly devised instruments or notes. Painting and sculpture are mere imitations of what nature does far better. When you see a beautiful

woman as God made her you do not care whether the Greeks colored their statues or not. Any average sunset stamps the painted imitation as absurd. These arts, in fact, can never be really great, since they are man's feeble efforts to copy God's finest creations; between them and the ideal there must always be the same distance as between man and his Creator. Then there is the art of literature. It has the widest scope of them all. Whether it is imitative or creative depends on the temperament of the individual; some men set down what they see and hear, others invent a world of their own and busy themselves with it. I believe it is the most human of the arts. Its devotees not infrequently set themselves the task of discovering just how their fellows think and live; they try to attune their souls to other souls; they strive for an understanding of the larger humanity. They—" Moncreith interrupted with a gesture.

"Orson, you're not going to turn novelist? Don't tell me that! Your enthusiasms fill me with melancholy forebodings."

"Not at all. But, as you know, I've seen much of this sort of thing lately. In the first place I had my own temperamental leanings; in the next place, you'll remember, we've had a season or two lately when clever people have been the rage. To invite painters and singers and writers to one's house has been the smart thing to do. We have had the spectacle of a society that goes through a flippant imitation of living engaged in being polite to people who imitate at second hand, in song, and color, and story. Some smart people have even taken to those arts, thus imitating the professional imitators. As far as the smart point of view goes, I couldn't do anything better than go in for the studio, or novelistic business. The dull people whom smartness has rubbed to a thin polish would conspire in calling me clever. Is there anything more dreadful than being called clever?"

"Nothing. It is the most damning adjective in the language. Whenever I hear that a person is clever I am sure he will never amount to much. There is only one word that approaches it in deadly significance. That is 'rising.' I have known men whom the puffs have referred to as 'a rising man' for twenty years. Can you imagine anything more dismal than being called constantly by the same epithet? The very amiability in the general opinion, permitting 'clever' and 'rising' to remain unalterable, shows that the wearer of these terms is hopeless; a strong man would have made enemies. I am glad you are wise enough to resist the temptation of the Muses. Society's blessing would never console you for anything short of a triumph. The triumphs are fearfully few; the clever people—well, this cellar's full of them. There's Abbott Moore, for instance."

"You're right; there he is. He's a case in point. One of the best cases; a man who has really, in the worldly sense, succeeded tremendously. His system of give and take is one of the most lovely schemes imaginable; we all know that. When a mining millionaire with marriageable daughters comes to town his first hostage to the smart set is to order a palace near Central Park and to give Abbott Moore the contract for the decorations. In return Abbott Moore asks the millionaire's womenfolk to one of his studio carnivals. That section of the smart set which keeps itself constantly poised on the border between smart and tart is awfully keen on Abbott Moore's studio affairs. It has never forgotten the famous episode when he served a tart within a tart, and it is still expecting him to outdo that feat. To be seen at one of these affairs, especially if you have millions, is to have got in the point of the wedge. I call it a fair exchange; the millionaire gets his foot just inside the magic portal; Moore gets a slice of the millions. All the world counts Moore a success from every point of view, the smart, the professional, the financial. Yet that isn't my notion of a full life. It's only a replica of the very thing I'm tired of, my own life."

"Your life, my dear fellow, is generally considered a most enviable article."

"Of course. I suppose it does have a glamour for the unobserving. Yet, at the best, what am I?"

Moncreith laughed. "Another Dominican!" he said to the waiter. "The liqueur," he said, "may enable me to rise to my subject." He smiled at Vane over the glass, when it was brought to him, drained it under closed eyes, and then settled himself well back into his chair.

CHAPTER II.

"I WILL tell you what you are," began Moncreith, "to the eye of the average beholder. Here, in the most splendid town of the western world, at the turning of two centuries, you are possessed of youth, health and wealth. That really tells the tale. Never in the history of the world have youth and health and wealth, meant so much as they do now. These three open the gates to all the earthly paradise. Your forbears did their duty by you so admirably that you wear a distinguished name without any sacrifice to poverty. You are good to look at. You are a young man of fashion. If you chose you could lead the mode; you have the instincts of a beau, though neither the severe suppression of Brummell nor the obtrusive splendor of D'Aureville would suit you. Our age seems to have come to too high an average in man's apparel to permit of any single dictator; to be singled out is to be lowered. Yet there can be no denying that you have often, unwittingly, set the fashion in waistcoats and cravats. That aping has not hurt you, because the others never gave their raiment the fine note of personal distinction that you wear. You are a favorite in the clubs; people never go out when you come in; you listen to the most stupid talk with the most graceful air imaginable; that is one of the sure roads to popularity in clubdom. When it is the fashion to be artistic, you can be so as easily as the others; when sport is the watchword your fine physique forbids you no achievement. You play tennis and golf and polo quite well enough to make women split their gloves in applause, and not too well to make men sneer at you for a 'pro.' When you are riding to hounds in Virginia you are never far from the kill, and there is no automobilist whom the Newport villagers are happier to fine for fast driving. You are equally at home in a cotillion and on the deck of a racing yacht. You could marry whenever you liked. Your character is unspotted either by the excessive vice that shocks the mob, or the excessive virtue that tires the smart. You have means, manners and manner. Finally, you have the two cardinal qualities of smartness, levity and tolerance." He paused, and gave a smile of satisfaction. "There, do you like the portrait?"

"It is abominable," said Vane, "it is what I see in my most awful dreams. And the horror of it is that it is so frightfully true. I am merely one of the figures in the elaborate masquerade we call society. I make no progress in life; I learn nothing except new fashions and foibles. I am weary of the masquerade and the masks. Life in the smart world is a game with masks; one shuffles them as one does cards. As for me, I want to throw the whole pack into the fire. Everyone wears these masks; nobody ever penetrates to the real soul behind the make-up."

"It is a game you play perfectly. One should hesitate long about giving up anything that one has brought to perfection. These others dabble and squabble in what you call the secondary imitations of life; you, at any rate, are giving your imitation at first hand."

"Yes, but it no longer satisfies me. Listen, Luke. You must promise not to laugh and not to frown. It will seem absurd to you; yet I am terribly in earnest about it. When first I came out of college I went in for science. When I gave it up, it was because I found it was leading me away from the human interest. There is the butterfly I want to chase; the human interest. I attempted all the arts; not one of them took me far on my way. My failure, Luke, is an ironic sentence upon the vaunted knowledge of the world."

"Your failure? My dear Orson; come to the point. What do you mean by the human interest?"

"I mean that neither scientist nor scholar has yet shown the way to one man's understanding of another's soul. The

SUMMER IS HERE AGAIN!

Nugent's

We all know what it means—Everybody "long on hot weather" and "short on thin clothes." Better take the hint—don't wait till the last minute. Our Great

Annual May Sale of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments

Solves the whole problem. Complete lines of New Summer Dresses. Suits, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Etc., Etc., all here. See the Great Bargains offered this week—nothing like them anywhere.

Washable Dresses.

Ladies' new Shirt Waist Suits of Mercerized Chambray—pinks, blues and oxblood reds, trimmed with insertion and fine tucks...Special May Sale Price	\$5.00
Ladies' fine White Pique Sailor Suits, trimmed with strappings of blue, pink or red, detachable shield fronts, entirely new...Special May Sale Price	\$10.00
Ladies' new White Lawn Shirt Waist Suits, skirt and waist trimmed with a lot of fine insertion and tucks—the swell new thing for summer, Special May Sale Price	\$10.00
Ladies' Fine Pure Linen Sailor Suits in white, blue or natural, trimmed with strappings to correspond—detachable shield front—the new summer fad. See them...Special May Sale Price	\$13.75
Ladies' new Linen Etamine Suits, in pink, blue or linen color, trimmed with fine tucking and heavy plain lace medallions—cool, dainty and extremely chic. Special May Sale Price	\$17.50
Ladies' Fine White Organdie Dresses, waist of all-over fine tucking, lace and ribbon, skirt with 3 flounces over drop skirt—a real \$30.00 dress. Special May Sale Price	\$21.50

Foulard Silk, Etamine and Crepe de Chine Costumes.

Ladies' Foulard Silk Gown, in all new colors, white yoke, lace trimmed and deep flounce, skirts made over slip drop lining...Special May Sale Price	\$21.50
Ladies' Handsome Summer Gown of Borage or Nun's Veiling, in gray, pearl, blue or black, with all-over lace yokes...Special May Sale Price	\$32.50
Handsome costumes of fine genuine Silk Crepe de Chine, after the foreign model by "Paquin"—sky blue, pearl grays or black...Special May Sale Price	\$42.50

Sicilian and Taffeta Silk Suits. THE PROPER THING FOR TRAVELING.

Ladies' Mohair Dress, in pearl gray or tan, with pale blue tucked taffeta yoke and belt, trimmed with Plauen lace...Special May Sale Price	\$15.00
Ladies' Black, Blue or Gray Sicilian Eton Suits, with detachable white Pique Vestee, stitched flounce skirt...May Sale Price, Only	\$15.00
Ladies' fine Sicilian Suits, Eton coat, with wide stitched satin edges and 2 rows on skirt to match—black, blue or gray—a splendid traveling suit, May Sale Price, Only	\$19.75
Ladies' Fine Taffeta Silk Eton Suits, strictly tailor-made, stitched seams, deep ruffle flounce skirt, low in front and high in back, coat lined in white taffeta, skirt unlined—an ideal summer suit...Special May Sale Price	\$27.50

Summer Silk Waists.

New China Silk Waists, with entire front of fine tucks and hemstitching latest style make—pure white or solid black...A Grand May Sale Special,	\$2.50
A swell plain Waist of the new washable Taffeta Imperial—front made very long and extra full, with hemstitched pleat down the center—all the new shades and white or black...A Special May Sale Bargain at	\$5.00

Ladies' Jackets and Capes.

Here's a chance for a bargain—3 tables full of them, all at Great May Sale Reductions.

Ladies' \$5.00 Eton Jackets for...	\$2.95
Ladies' \$6.00 Box Coats for...	\$3.95
Ladies' \$10.00 Jackets for...	\$5.00
Ladies' \$15.00 Jackets for...	\$7.50

Separate Skirts.

All new for Summer wear, all unlined—the correct things—made as they ought to be, with the proper set and hang to them, and such as you positively can not find in any other store here.

Ladies' Summer Skirts of pretty blue or black polka dot duck, deep flounce, trimmed with soutache braid...Special May Sale Price,	\$1.95
Ladies' Fine Pure Linen Skirts, made entirely of fine tucks, with deep flounce...Special May Sale Price,	\$4.75
Ladies' Walking Skirts of all wool, light or medium gray homespun, lot of fine stitching, and with lap seams...Special May Sale Price,	\$2.50
Ladies' Extra Fine Soft Silky Cheviot Skirts, very light weight, unlined, has 3 wide bands of taffeta on flounce...Special May Sale Price,	\$5.00
Ladies' Swell Sicilian Skirts, with lined flounce, unlined top, black, gray, blue or white...Special May Sale Price,	\$5.95
Ladies' Swell White Flannel Skirts, new and exclusive styles...Special May Sale Price,	\$10.00 and \$11.50
Silk Skirts, unlined, of good taffeta, with fine tucked seams and low ruffle flounce, also of all-over fine tucked cording—no \$15.00 skirt in this town can touch these in style or value...Special May Sale Price	\$10.00
One lot of swell Taffeta Silk Skirts, with 3 deep ruffles of satin-edged net on the bottom, and lace applique above, unlined—regular price \$20.00 Special May Sale Price,	\$13.75

B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

surgeon can take a body and dissect its every fraction, arguing and proving each function of it. The painter tries, with feeble success, to reach what he calls the spirit of his subject. So does the author. He tries to put himself into the place of each of his characters; he aims, always, for the nearest possible approach to the lifelike. And, above all the others, there is the actor. In this, as in its other qualities, the art of acting is the crudest, the most obvious of them all; yet, in certain moments, it comes nearest to the ideal. The actor in his mere self is—well, we all know the story of the famous player being met by this greeting: 'And what art thou to-night?' But he goes behind a door and he can come forth in a series of selves. A trick or so with paint; a change of wig; a twist of the face-muscles, and we have the same man appearing as *Napoleon*, as *Richelieu*, as *Falstaff*. The thing is external, of course. Whether there shall be anything more than the mere bodily mask depends upon the actor's intelligence and his imagination. The supreme artist so succeeds, by virtue of much study, much skill in imitating what he has conceived to be the soul of his subject, in almost giving us a lifelike portrait. And yet, and yet—it is not the real thing; the real soul of his subject is as much a mystery to that actor as it is to you or me. That is what I mean when I say that science fails us at the most important point of all; the soul of my neighbor is as profound a mystery to me as the soul of a man that lived a thousand years ago. I can know your face, Luke, your clothes, your voice, the outward mask you wear; but—can I reach the secrets of your soul? No. And if we cannot know how others feel and think, how can we say we know the world? Bah! The world is a realm of shadows in which all walk blindly. We touch hands every day, but our souls are hidden in a veil that has not been passed since God made the universe."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ALPINE APRIL.

MARYLSIS has deserted
Shady vales where once she flirted
With the shepherds round their flocks;
In the sunshine of the ether,
Leaving lovers far beneath her,
She is nesting with the eagle in the rocks;
And the silent Alpine fox
With the marmot and the crow
Watch her lightly come and go,
Track her footsteps in the snow
To her bower, where the branches
Of the pine and fir above her,
Bent beneath the avalanches,
Grow into a leafy covert,
Where the birds fly in to meet her
And the mountain-fairies greet her,
As of old,
Singing of the ancient hills
Till the song the valley fills,
Till the frozen leaves unfold
As they listen; and the voices
Rise and fall till Night rejoices;
While the magic of the Moon
Doth a silvern silence keep
And a spirit mild and boon
Floats her to her sleep.
Then the threaded moonbeams quiver
Like the foam upon a river,
Gathering into shapes of light,
And the crystals on the snow
Flash and follow, to and fro,
To the singing of the Spirits of the Night.

Spirits! tell me of your singing:—
Of the sunny Southern dales

Where the ivy softly clinging
To the trees their beauty veils,
Where the scent of life and living
Rises from the ruddy soil,
Where all Nature gives, and giving,
Asks but little toil.

Spirits! tell me of your singing;—
Of the hardy Northern men,
Where the mountain-tops are ringing
And the cliffs resound again
With the avalanche's thunder
And the torrents crashing under,
When the earth has split in twain:
Of the pastures on the mountains
And the flocks beside the fountains,
And the hard, grey soil beneath,
Where stern-featured Nature, scowling,
Shuts her mouth, or opens, growling,
Lines of jagged teeth.

Spirits! bring her in her slumber
Dreams of sunshine without number,
Dreams of happiness and love,
Fancies of a sweet awaking,
Of a Dawn in splendor breaking
In the trembling Blue above.
So, when every star is paling
And the soft Moon's lustre failing,
When our Night is near its Day,
Though the cold of winter still is
Dark upon us Amaryllis
Shall return and bring her lilies
With the flowers of May.

T. A. C., in *London Spectator*.

GOODWIN'S "SHYLOCK."

When Beerbohm Tree first played *Hamlet* the actor met Oscar Wilde after the performance, and asked "What did you think of my *Hamlet*?"

"I enjoyed it very much. It was funny without being vulgar," replied the aesthete.

Nat Goodwin's *Shylock* is interesting without being exciting, respectable but not distinguished—in fact, a little flat. We won't dwell on the fact that Goodwin is always Goodwin. He hides himself pretty well in a make-up that is gaudily Jewish. He does pretty well, pretty well, pretty well—but 'tis only pretty well at every turn.

Such a *Shylock* would be tolerated from no one else on the stage. Nat is a good fellow, you're always thinking, and we must bear with him. What Goodwin misses in the role is the deep intensity of the Jew, the peculiar complication of his avarice, his hatred of Antonio, his love for Jessica, his malefic cunning. These qualities actually make the Jew great. Rightly read, the lines he speaks are almost a justification of the warpedness of the man. His passions make him great. His spirit is a great spirit malformed by the wrongs of himself and his race. He has patriotism and love of his race. He has a passion for justice. He has a conception of the wrong done to humanity in the persecution of his people.

One can not say 'tis any such Jew as this that Goodwin presents for our consideration. On the contrary his *Shylock* is cold. He is not only cold but vulgar and tawdry in appearance—with his too much bejeweled hands. He has no orientalism of unctious when Fate delivers over to his hands his enemy. The moment of realization of such opportunity to gratify his hate and avenge his wrongs should be an ecstasy. But it isn't. And when Jessica is fled with Lorenzo and has taken the Jew's ducats the victim is not appropriately moved by the calamity. The manner in which Goodwin presents this scene is not even respectably artistic. The Jew's soul was torn out with the taking of his ducats and his daughter, but Goodwin thinly simulates the surprise, the agony, the culminating hardening of his heart which makes it the more sure that he will have no mercy upon Antonio. There's a fitful flame of real spirit in the scene in which *Shylock* justifies his revenge, but it is only too brief. The scene falls away into triviality. And so in the Hall of Judgment *Shylock* is not the commanding figure. He is not warmed by his approaching vengeance. The larger *Shylock* is not in evidence, but characteristically there is a very deft touch in his Judaic manner as he follows with his eye the point of his knife in seeking for the word "mercy" in the bond. And why is that so impressive? Simply because it's the touch of the comic. It is a lingering reminiscence from the vaudeville days of Goodwin. It is a gesture, a hump that Frank Bush or Dave Warfield might put into the part. And when *Portia* decides against him, *Shylock* hardly takes the blow as such a blow must have come to one who has built his hope on his hate, who is defeated even in the matter of getting back the principal of his loan and who, finally, is sentenced to become a Christian.

There is not in the Goodwin version of the part any glaring badness at any point. You say to yourself that it is fairly good—considering. You are a little surprised that it isn't worse. You feel a demand on your politeness to admit that it is not funny. And you fall back finally upon a recognition of the fact that the production is on the whole

a decidedly creditable one. Mr. Goodwin has the courage of his conviction—and more. He is generous. In a dangerous venture such as this, he surrounds himself with actors distinctly capable. A lesser-minded man would have dreaded the eclipse of himself. Goodwin is not eclipsed—as Goodwin. He is the central figure, but he is a success of curiosity, rather than of artistic achievement. His reading of the lines is novel. His emphases are curiously placed or misplaced at times, and he fails in that sonority of phrase which attaches to the right rendition of the Shakespearean line. Still, his *Shylock* might possibly have been worse. It would have been worse but for the fact that Goodwin is, as we say, a little "onto himself" and made no too high attempts at the sublime.

I have said he is generous. His company is excellent. Mr. Dodson's *Launcelot Gobbo*, idiotically labored though the part surely is, was a treat. Only a fine actor could have made the thing tolerable in its archaic banality. The elder *Gobbo* of Mr. LeMoyne was a bit of work that pleased by its being held to its littleness of quality. Queer folks they must have been in Shakespeare's day to have laughed consumedly at the *Gobbo* scenes. Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle was a distinguished Antonio. He looked goodness and gentleness. His manner was of a moderate dignity and his speeches were rendered with the proper restraint. Mr. Serrano made himself felt every moment he was on the stage in his secondary part. He was as finished in the background as in the foreground. In whatever place he found himself, of how little importance whatever, he was always doing something that not only impressed himself upon the audience but helped along the main action. Mr. Courtleigh was rather too ventriloquial in his scene as the Moor in choosing the casket. Mr. Frederick Perry as the snobbish Prince of Arragon was singularly happy in his self-satisfied impudence and his exit was something that marked him a fine appreciator of the comic as mitigating the contemptible. Aubrey Boucicault's *Bossanio* was finished to a nicety. In every incident he was just the man the poet makes him, not too romantic, not too boisterous, not too intense. Mr. Woodruff's *Lorenzo* was the trifle it appears in the play as amended. If this young gentleman had tried to do more with the part the result might have been disastrous. All these young men were good to look upon. They are handsome without being too conscious of the fact. They are graceful and they have the effect of carrying the spirit of airiness through all their work. Not soon again shall we see so much youthful talent "bunched" in one performance without confusions and collisions and evident discord. They all bear themselves well. They hint of great futures.

Miss Elliott's *Portia*, in the blonde part, I did not like. It was too blonde—too made up, too insincere. The lady's voice was too sepulchral and I'm afraid that the manner was indicative of a rather automatic rendering of the lines rather than of any appreciation of the wit and humor. But in the Judgment scene, in her natural hair, in the black gown lined and trimmed with red the effect was fine. And yet here, too, the eye beguiled the ear in estimating the work. Only the little *moue* when *Bossanio* preferred his friend's life to his wife, only the little lightnesses in the episode of securing her own ring did Miss Elliott impress as an actress. She is beautiful, and, as Browning says, if you get beauty and naught else, you get about the best thing that God invents,

MR. WM. WALSH, founder of the
Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., and

MR. CHAS. A. WAUGH, thirty years with the
E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.,

desire to announce that they will hereafter be with the

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.

MR. WAUGH will personally superintend a thoroughly equipped

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT,

and is now ready to execute the finest work in Wedding Invitations, Calling Cards and choice Society Stationery.

Our Clock Repair Department is now under the efficient management of Mr. Geo. A. Abel, who for the past ten years has been in a like capacity with the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Locust and Seventh Streets, Mercantile Club Bldg.

THE MECHANICS' BANK, ST. LOUIS.

Capital and Surplus, - = \$1,500,000.00

Personal Accounts Solicited.

Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks Sold.

Before Ordering Next Season's HARD COAL Requirements,
INVESTIGATE THE MERITS OF

A Genuine Lehigh Anthracite

**CROSS
CREEK
LEHIGH**

The kind your relatives and friends use Down East.
Ten Per Cent. Better Than Any Other Hard Coal.

PRICES NO HIGHER.

No Clinker,

Great Durability,

Small Percentage of Ash,

Remarkable for Its Purity.

Logwood, DeCamp & Co.,

Sole Agents for St. Louis and Suburbs.

Offices: 712-721 Union Trust Bldg. Telephones { BELL, MAIN 396.
KINLOCH, B 50.

SOCIETY.

"Lowest Priced House in America for Fine Goods."

ON BROADWAY.
Cor. Locust St.

LADIES'

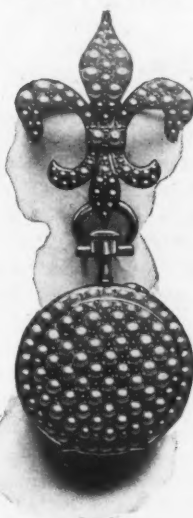
Dainty Watches,

Most appropriate for Gifts for Brides
and Graduates.

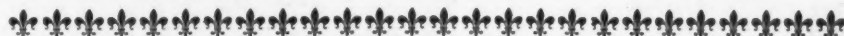
The Beautiful Chatelaine Watch Illustrated
is Open-Faced with the entire back closely
Studded with Real Pearls. It is a Reliable
Time-keeper, fully guaranteed.

Price with Pearl Studded
Pin to match **\$155.00**

(Other Watches from \$6.00 to \$675.00.)



Mermod & Jaccard's, BROADWAY,
Cor. Locust St.



there seemed a lack of feeling in the speech about "the quality of mercy." I thought that Miss Elliott seemed to have some difficulty in suppressing an incipient smile when she looked into the face of *Shylock*. It is true that she is better as *Portia* than in anything she has ever done, but it is also true that if Miss Elliott were not a beauty her *Portia* would hardly be worth as many lines as I have here devoted to it. There's a refrigerated atmosphere about it that not even the red-black gown and the eyes of night and the olive-calm face could thaw.

Effie Ellsler, as *Jessica*, was not calculated to awaken the wildest enthusiasm. Annie Irish, however, was a most satisfactory *Nerissa*, as she is satisfactory wherever placed. She has a rich voice. She has a manner of perfect ease. She has an aptness and quickness that contribute to the pleasing totality of the performance while, at the same time, asserting a potent individuality.

The performance was one that all who saw it will remember for almost everything but the *Shylock*. The cast is one that will be noted in the future which the young men mentioned above will be illuminating with their reminiscences as stage notables. And, however, one may be disposed to make light of Mr. Goodwin's *Shylock* one cannot conclude comment upon the event without paying sincere tribute to his intention, and to the fact that he made a great *tour de force* outside of his natural *metier* without rendering himself unutterably ridiculous and without unpardonable sacrilege against Shakespeare.

W. M. R.

"Some men are natural born kickers" remarked the man who talks in the barber-shop while waiting for "next" to be called, "and the trouble is that they kick for cause and causelessly. When they are young they kick at having to go to school and college and when they begin to work they continue to kick."

"Well," said the man in the next chair "sometimes it is best to kick. F'rinstance. One day a certain parson had been preaching about 'Miracles' and walked home afterwards with a member of his flock who claimed he couldn't understand what a miracle really meant. 'Walk on in front of me' says the parson. He did so and the parson gave him a kick of four-mule-power. 'Feel that kick?' asked the parson. 'Ouch, I should think I did,' replied the victim rubbing the injured spot. 'Well,' responded the divine, 'it would have been a miracle if you hadn't!' Speaking of kickers, however, no one has been known to kick at the quality and honest prices of Swope's shoes which are conceded to be the best in the city. Don't forget the address, Joel Swope, 311 North Broadway.

X-RAYS WITHOUT ELECTRICITY.

A cable to the New York *Sun*, April 2d, reports that it was announced on April 1st, at a sitting of the Academy of Sciences, that M. Curie, a chemist, had separated a new gas from rhodium. The gas is intensely phosphorescent, and will glow for months in the dark. It was also announced that M. Naudon, a scientist, had found means of producing x-rays without electricity, by exposing a metal plate to the rays of the violet end of the spectrum.

Kayserzinn just received, in great variety, both useful and ornamental. See display in our north window. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust. Mrs. Charles D. McClure will leave this week for the East.

Mrs. Ed. Rae has returned from a visit to relatives in Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. J. C. Moon and Miss Maude Moon have gone to French Lick Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Hall are at the Westmoreland hotel for the summer.

Mrs. G. H. Walker left on Wednesday for her cottage at Kennebunkport, Maine.

Mrs. Bertha Branch Brockmeier will leave soon for New York, to sail May 27th, for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser, with their family, will soon go to their cottage at South Haven, Mich.

Mr. Louis Collins and Miss Edith Collins have taken a house in Westminster place near Thirty-eighth.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey Boggy were the guests of St. Louis friends last week, leaving on Saturday for Kansas City.

Miss Marie Tracy, who visited St. Louis friends during the winter, has rejoined her parents in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Henry Bond, of 3744 Washington boulevard, gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. W. B. Needham, of New York City.

Mrs. W. G. Chappell, with her daughters, and her nephew, Mr. Garrison, will leave this week for New York, and sail in a few days for Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Willard Bartlett, of Delmar boulevard, have been entertaining Dr. Bartlett's sister, Mrs. James Oliver Boffeller, of Jacksonville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker will shortly go to their cottage at Kennebunkport. Their little granddaughter, Miss Martha Pittman, will accompany them.

Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne and Mrs. Dickson Walsh are spending a fortnight in New York on a shopping tour. Mr. Cabanne has gone on to bring them home.

Mrs. Chouteau Smith, of 3713 Olive street, and Mrs. Dexter Crosby, have returned home from a visit to Mrs. Lucy Ames, at her country place, "Notchcliff," above Alton.

Tuesday evening, May 14th, a concert and hop were given by the management of the West End Hotel, for its guests and their friends. Refreshments were served.

Miss Florence Rhodes has been receiving numerous congratulations on the report of her engagement to Mr. George Watson. Miss Rhodes is the daughter of Rev. Dr. M. Rhodes.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Scannell, of the Hotel Victoria, 4024 West Belle, have announced to their friends the engagement of their daughter, Miss Bessie Scannell, to Mr. A. B. Hoagland, of North Platte, Neb. The wedding will take on Tuesday evening, May 21st.

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Parrish have formally announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Susie Parrish, to Mr. George E. Dieckman. The wedding will be one of the events of early June, but will be solemnized very quietly, owing to a recent death in the family of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Shoenberg and son, Mr. Sydney Shoenberg, left Saturday evening for Cleveland and New York, whence they sail May 16th for Europe, returning the latter part of October. Mr. I. E. Bernherner, of Kansas City, and Mr. and Mrs. David May and family, will join them in Cleveland.

Mrs. Western Bascome, of 3759 Westminster place, gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. W. B. Needham, of New York City. The function was small and informal, only the old friends of Mrs. Needham having been invited. Mrs. Needham was formerly a St. Louisan, and is well known here. She will be Mrs. Bascome's guest for some time.

One of the early June weddings will be that of Mr. David R. Francis, Jr., and Miss Sally Colthurst of Massachusetts, which will occur June 6th, at the bride's home. Mr. Francis will have a New York college chum for his best man. After a bridal tour the bride and groom will spend the summer at the Francis home on Maryland avenue, during the absence of the family at Jamestown, R. I. A large party of St. Louisans will go on to the wedding.

The Daughters of the Confederacy will give a strawberry festival and dance on May 23d, at the Odeon. The committee appointed to take charge of the arrangements consists of Mesdames E. R. Gamble, H. N. Spencer, E. E. Hicock, H. W. Chandler, and L. M. Pickett. A number of young ladies will assist in receiving and entertaining, among whom are, Misses Anna Force, Hallie Hines, Sarah Massengale, Mabel Gould, Josephine Christian, Grace Chris-

tian, Delphine Dalton, Julia Burdette and Lulu Whyte of Kirkwood.

The announcement was made last week of the engagement of Miss Sadie Pierce, to Mr. Tom Maffitt. Miss Pierce is one of the best known of our fashionable girls. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierce of Lindell boulevard, and a sister of Miss Lily Belle Pierce. Mr. Maffitt only graduated from college about a year ago, and is a member of the family of that name. The announcement was made by Mrs. Edward Simmons of Maryland avenue, on Thursday last, at a given by her for Miss Pierce. The guests were all young ladies and young matrons.

The Jefferson Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was entertained by Mrs. John A. Lee, at her residence, 5347 Cabanne avenue, Friday afternoon. Miss Houx, of Warrensburg, a guest of Miss Virginia Lee, played a piano solo, Miss Louise Dalton read a paper on North Carolina colonial history and the Battle of Alamance, Mrs. George Carrie sang, Miss Florence Phillippi played two violin solos, Miss Virginia Lee sang, and Miss Mabel Ross furnished the concluding number, a piano solo. Mrs. Sperry, of Kentucky, Mrs. Lee's sister was of the party. Nearly fifty ladies were present, including the members of the chapter and their guests. Among them were Mesdames Mary Polk Winn, Winthrop G. Chappell, Leroy S. Valliant, George H. Shields, Jesse Battle, H. N. Spencer, Eleanor Polk Ferris, Taylor, Neal, Sharp, Otto E. Forster, A. Royal, of Pueblo, Col., Albert Chappell, Williams and Misses Florence Phillippi, Louise Dalton, Anna Force, Wilmoth Evans, Newell, Mabel Ross, Bertha Carrington.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Wyman and Mr. John Waterworth, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at five o'clock, at Christ Church Cathedral, Rev. Dr. Winchester officiating. The wedding was a very pretty affair. The bride came in on the arm of her father, Mr. Frank Wyman, who gave her away. Miss Jessie Wright, as maid of honor, preceded the bride, and Misses Edna Gamble, Felicia Judson and Miss Hussey, of Louisville, as bridesmaids. Mr. Waterworth was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Edward Waterworth, as best man, and the groomsmen were Messrs. Yeatman Carr, J. B. Lane and Ross Glasgow. Miss Wyman wore a bridal gown of white silk, veiled in white mirror crepe, made with a long court train, and the bodice high. The entire dress was ornamented with cascades of superb point lace. Her bouquet was of white roses, and she wore a tulle veil falling away to the end of the train. Miss Wright wore pale blue silk, veiled in white French batiste. The skirt was en demi traine, and the whole trimmed with ruffles and lace. A picture hat of white shirred mull and a bouquet of white roses completed the toilette. The bridesmaids were similarly gowned, with the exception that their dresses were worn over white silk, and their hats and bouquets had each a delicate touch of pink. After the ceremony, the bridal party and relatives returned to the Wyman home, at 5845 Cabanne avenue, where a reception was held. Only a few of the most intimate friends were present at the house, as, owing to a recent death in the family of the bride, no cards were issued to others than relatives. The bride and groom

are now traveling in the West. Upon their return they will live at one of the hotels until fall, and then go to housekeeping. Mr. Waterworth is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Waterworth, of 3800 Delmar boulevard.

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

First Reporter: "I've begun this political statement by saying that it is on the authority of a person of the first importance."

Second Reporter: "Why not give his name?" First Reporter: "I'm too modest."

Mother: "I am surprised, my dear, that you suffer a man to kiss you!" Daughter: "But, mamma, I don't call it suffering."

Pozzoni's
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION POWDER

Is absolutely pure and should be used by all ladies who wish a refined complexion and that rosy hue so much admired by all. Sample and booklet of 36 actresses free.

J.A. POZZONI CO.
NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS

THE COMPTON SCHOOL
FOR THE
Physiological Training of Children
of Retarded Mentality,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Will open Wednesday, September 4th, 1901.
For particulars, address,
MISS FANNY A. COMPTON,
4562 Scott Avenue, St. Louis.

After the theater, before the matinee
or when down town shopping, the
Ladies' Restaurant
OF THE **St. Nicholas Hotel**
has been found to commend itself to
ladies for the quiet elegance of its
appointments, its superior cuisine
and service and refined patronage.

ADDRESS
Schoen's THE ODEON
ORchestra
Balmer & Weber's.
Latest Popular Music. Phone: Lindell 12

MILLS & AVERILL



We
Want
To See

The man who wants good clothes. The man who is critical, not only in the matter of style, but who also appreciates good trimmings, good cloth and good making.

Spring Suits to Your Measure,
\$20 to \$60.

Mills & Averill,
BROADWAY AND PINE.

NEW BOOKS.

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady is the clerical Captain Marryat of the United States Navy. His books relating to the gallant deeds of the blue-jackets are written with a *verve* and sprightliness that carry the reader in full sympathy with the story. His latest work, successive of nine, is entitled "Under Tops'ls and Tents." It gives a capital description of life in the Naval Academy (Annapolis) in which many amusing episodes are narrated. As the author was himself a graduate (of the class of 1883) of course he speaks from experience. After graduating, he resigned from the Navy, went into the railroad business and left that to become a minister of the Episcopal Church, in 1890. In this capacity Mr. Brady was a missionary in the West, and Archdeacon of Kansas until 1895. After that, and, until 1899, Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. Since then he has been a Philadelphia rector. In 1898 Archdeacon Brady was appointed captain and chaplain in the First Regiment, Pennsylvania, U. S. V., Spanish-American war, and served until the regiment was mustered out of the service. He therefore claims to be one of the few men who have served in the U. S. Army and Navy, to say nothing of the church and the railroad. The second part of his book is devoted to his experiences while "Out With the United States Volunteers," and the third part to "Short Stories of Army and Navy Life." Throughout the book is written in a breezy and interesting style and the clerical office of the author is not unpleasantly obtruded. A dozen full-page, half-tone photographs are given and

add to the value of "Under Tops'ls and Tents." [Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.]

Those readers of the MIRROR who are venerable enough to remember Judge Haliburton's unique stories, "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," "Natur' and Human Natur' " etc., will be reminded of them by "Your Uncle Lew." The hero of this work, is a Yankee very much after the style of *Sam Slick*. He is "full of wise saws and modern instances" regarding men, women and horses, especially the latter and, like *David Harum*, appears to have been sketched from an actual personality. In his foreword the author, Mr. Charles Reginald Sherlock, states that "Your Uncle Lew" is the rejuvenation of a book entitled "The Autobiography of an Old Sport," written by him in 1855 for the benefit of the hero of that work. The old sport in question sold the story from his overcoat pocket and the money he received "served to lift the last months of his life out of the shadows into the sun, etc." In its new form the novel is fairly interesting. The hero, *Lewis Dumber*, an original whose odd mannerisms, quaint expressions and Yankee 'cuteness will doubtless attract the new generation of readers, is keeper of a railroad eating-house. His great ambition in life is to secure for *Grace*, his daughter, the social and educational advantages to which he himself cannot and does not wish to aspire. In this he succeeds, *Grace* marrying *Hillyer*, an artist, who wins her father's friendship before he gets to know and love the daughter. Much of the interest of the novel centers about the story of "the Cardiff Giant," the clever fakement of a petrified aboriginal which made such a sensation some thirty or forty years ago. Mr. Sherlock's descriptions of the trotting race of *Crazy Jane* and her victory (in chapter XX and XXI) are among the best things in the story, which is otherwise quite readable. [Frederick A. Stokes Company, publisher, New York. Price \$1.25].

"Woods and Waters" is the attractive title of a volume of verse by Rufus J. Childress. The quality of poesy varies according to the tastes and fancies of various readers. There are those who are bored by the poetic philosophizing of Wordsworth, who cannot appreciate the simplicity of Crabbe or even the stately rhythm of Pope. Such may fail to discern the poetic beauties of Mr. Childress. Others again, with larger instincts, quick to appreciate the true and the beautiful, wherever and however it finds expression, will see in "Woods and Waters" evidence of genius. Some of his poems are expressive of nature love, such as "To An Oak," "Trees and Birds," "Ode to a Robin," "A Song of the Forest," etc., while others like "My Lady's Hand," "Jessie or Jessica," "Juliette," and the "Ballade of the Loveliest Girl" are inscribed to the fair sex. In addition to these sources of inspiration the poet strikes his *Æolian lyre* rapturously in memory of his personal experiences—"At School," "My First Teacher," "In the Old Roadway." Mr. Childress' poems must be read to be thoroughly appreciated. The volume is neatly printed and bound and as "His First Book" is a worthy effort. [Chas. T. Deering, publisher, Louisville, Ky. Price \$1.50.]

"THIS WILL CARRY YOU."



MANUFACTURED BY

Scott Automobile Company,

3935-37-39 OLIVE STREET,

AND

SCOTT & COOPER MANUFACTURING CO.,

CONSOLIDATED.

You do not buy Paint every day.

When you do want Paint, get good

Paint. You will be sure to obtain

good Paint, Varnishes, etc., from the

Mound City Paint and Color Co.,

Nos. 811 and 813 North Sixth Street.

One of the latest romances of the War of the Revolution is fairly described in the title and sub-title which read as follows: "The Son of a Tory: a Narrative of the Experiences of Wilton Aubrey in the Mohawk Valley and Elsewhere, During the Summer of 1777, Now for the First Time Edited by Clinton Scollard," (author of "A Man-at-Arms.") While Mr. Scollard has made a fairly interesting story, his hero, *Aubrey Wilton*, does not deserve the position. The son of a Tory, his sympathies are with the Whigs. Lacking the usual courage to join the army of the patriots he follows his father to the camp of the British. After his

father's death and his (*Aubrey's*) duel with a British officer, *Aubrey* deserts the British and has many exciting adventures, finally joining the Colonial forces in Fort Stanwix. With General Benedict's Army the hero proves valuable as a scout and, after some narrow escapes, succeeds in winning the confidence of the Colonials and the hand in marriage of *Margaret*, the fair daughter of a Whig family. Mr. Scollard's story is not up to his own standard, lacks spontaneity and consistency and reads as if "written to order." In the dialogue are evidences of such anachronisms as "a nasty place," "a jolly good job," etc., cockney expressions that

FAUST & SONS,
Oyster and Restaurant Co.

We Control
and
Operate

5 PLACES.
viz :

Delmar Garden.
Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

surely were not used 125 years ago. Then the hero's adventures are too much on the order of Wild West stories to be convincing. In other respects, as a recital of "hair-breadth 'scapes," battle scenes and fights with Indians, "The Son of a Tory" will doubtless please those who like that kind of historical romance. [Richard G. Badger & Co., publishers, Boston. Price \$1.50.]

LITERARY NOTES.

Those who wish to know how the commissary frauds in the Philippines have been possible should read Owen Johnson's new novel "Arrows of the Almighty." There is a chapter in it in which the hero fights against just such a scandal. Many people have the vaguest imaginable ideas of the way these rascalities are worked.

The A. Wessels Company have in active preparation a new life of Scott, by Professor Hudson, of Stanford University, who, within the limit of a volume of 300 pages, tells anew the story of Scott's life, and gives some fresh and interesting criticism of Scott's work both as a poet and a novelist.

When the "Author's" Edition of John Uri Lloyd's "Etidorpha" appeared, Sir Henry Irving chanced to find a copy, and was so pleased with it that, as he traveled over the country he telegraphed orders for the book to be sent with his compliments to his friends in Europe and America.

Dodd, Mead & Company will publish in the fall a book of short stories by Caroline Duer, entitled "Unconscious Comedians." Miss Duer's stories in *The Smart Set* and other magazines have created so much interest that a volume of them in permanent form was inevitable.

Apropos of the violent personal attack which has been made on Mr. Wm. Hannibal Thomas for the view he holds in his book on "The American Negro," it is a fact to be noted that the Union League Club of New York, the chief Republican club in the country, has just been torn into two warring factions over the proposition to exclude negroes as waiters, and the New York *Evening Post*, that aforetime stalwart defender of the colored man, says that "unless friends of the negro take more interest in his training as a servant, it is confidently predicted that a few years will see him entirely crowded out of every desirable position in restaurants, clubs and homes."

Professor Henry Van Dyke writing of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer's novel, "Robert Aunys. Poor Priest," says that the author has chosen a wonderfully interesting period for the scene of her tale and that she studied it with a conscientious care which shows on every page. She feels what so many romancers miss—the significance of the social movement. And at the same time she follows the golden thread of a charming love story.

"A Search for an Infidel" is the title of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones' new book. Like "Jess;" or "Bits of Wayside Gospel," it is written in an out-of-door atmosphere. It is another chapter in the nature gospel of good fellowship, mutual service and kindness which Dr. Jones has preached and practiced for so many years. The Macmillan Company will publish the book next month.

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND THE SUMMER VACATION?

is the question that is uppermost in the minds of many people just at present. Why not in COLORADO or UTAH, where you can enjoy delightful scenery and invigorating climate? Very low round-trip rates will be made in JUNE, JULY, and AUGUST. The elegant service of the UNION PACIFIC, The Overland Route, provides every comfort and convenience.

For full information write to J. H. LOTHROP, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Ma: "Gracious! What's the matter with the baby?"

Pa: "Oh, he bumped his head against one of the pedals of the piano."

Ma: "Poor little dear! Perhaps he's seriously hurt."

Pa: "Nonsense! It was the soft pedal he struck."—*Philadelphia Press.*

NEW WRINKLES IN CORSETS.

Science never stands still, at least with regard to the evolution of the corset. The latest achievement of the capable staymaker is the Charmian, that makes a very special appeal to the woman whose bust and hip measure has never been up to the average, and who has been forced to depend upon the very unreliable hair and cotton pad.

The Charmian, to the casual glance, is just an ordinary graceful, lightly boned, long waisted, silk net stay, and within is lined with a very fine skin of silk rubber, thin as the skin of a child's toy balloon, but very much stronger. At the bottom of the stay in front is an air valve and air-tight cap, so that when the corset is to be worn, the tiny pump is used to fill the inner skin of the stay with air. When the corset is laced and hooked into place the superfluous air slowly squeezes out, leaving only the hollows full.

Finally, when the wearer decides on just the fullness of curve desired, she screws the cap on the air-valve, and, unless by some accident, as a cruel pin poking its meddlesome point through the outer coating of the corset and clean into one of the hollows where the air has settled, there can be no two opinions as to the just and exquisite proportions of her plump but lissom figure.

While these pneumatic stays are a joy forever to the women below weight, there is just as much rejoicing in the adipose tissue ranks over a recent arrival from Paris called La Serpente, that juggles with flesh in the most necromantic fashion.

The Serpentine, as we Anglicize the name of this stay, is made of a heavy silk and lined material, the boning done with the thinnest ribbons of aluminum and the front ribs and hooks are made of the same. This corset laces in three separate sections. In the top, behind, down just to the waist line and all the rear portion is boned with aluminum strips laterally instead of perpendicularly. By testing it has been found that this arrangement enables the wearer to put a strong but not uncomfortable pressure on fat shoulder blades and keep them flat and straight. In front two lines of laces run on either side from the bottom up to the waist line, and the flesh is thus packed in with an evenness of pressure that can be secured in no other way.

Up to time as the Serpentine stays are, they are hardly newer or more popular than the peignoir stays, that also hail from the productive workshop of the Parisian corsetiere. The Parisian woman who insists on posing as a beauty and a heroine even before her own maid is at no time divested of stays of some sort or other until, like King Louis and his wig, she lays them aside on getting into bed.

There are few Parisian wrinkles, however, that the American woman is slow to approve of and adopt, and the peignoir corset is the result of the new conviction that even in her dressing gown and the privacy of her own bedroom the modish woman must be of irreproachable figure. A peignoir stay does not confine the body anywhere, and is as light almost as a linen corset cover. It is made of open meshed but tough grass linen or cream batiste and is stiffened only with thin ribs of Japanese bamboo. It does not lace behind at all, but folds about the body like a basque, and has pretty little ornamental hooks in front. About the bust and arms it is just low enough to give the arms all the freedom and the lungs all the expansion necessary. In some cases these stays are boned with a bamboo that has as rich an odor as sandal wood, and

Good Fiction

If we were asked to name the best books of the past year or so, these are the ones we would mention first,

A Friend to Caesar,
by Wm. Stearnes Davis.

Robert Tournay,
by Wm. Sage.

Via Crucis,
by F. Marion Crawford.

The Voice of the People,
by Helen Glasgow.



Your choice of these splendid \$1.50 books, this week at,

89c

JUNE NUMBER
THE SMART SET
A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

THE \$1,000 PRIZE NOVELETTE
THE MIDDLE COURSE, By MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

An Absorbing Story of London Society.
MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD contributes *THE WANDERING AMERICAN*, an article of timely interest to all travelers and would-be travelers.
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD writes a strange psychological story entitled *THE CONQUERING WILL*.
EDGAR SALTUS is at his best in a pyrotechnic essay, *VANITY SQUARE*.
GELETT BURGESS contributes a unique tale, *THE MIDNIGHT MATCHMAKER*.
FLORA BIGELOW DODGE tells the humorous story of *THE MAN OF ONE VICE*.
PRINCE VLADIMIR VANIATSKY reveals the mystery of a beautiful woman at the Russian Court in *THE AMERICAN WIDOW*.
JOHN REGNAULT ELLYSON presents one of his most fantastic tales in the \$100 prize story, *IN MY WIFE'S EYE*.
Other notable contributions are *THE MADNESS OF ISHTAR*, by Bliss Carman; *THE ROSE OF HEART'S DELIGHT*, by Justus Miles Forman; *OF MANY, ONE*, by Baroness von Hutten, and *THE VAN KUYPER VERDICT* by Fanny Gregory Sanger.

sometimes they are made of pieces of exquisite old brocade, and their hooks down the front are set with old paste, for in the matter of corsets there continue to be many inventions and a lavishness of rich detail that outdoes all previous records.

Wedding stationery, correct form, best materials, finest workmanship, executed in their own shops on premises, under personal supervision. Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway corner Locust.

WHEN WRITING THE PRESIDENT.

The Treasury department has published new regulations covering the forms to be observed in addressing mail designed for President McKinley. In addressing the President formerly it was: "The President: Sir."

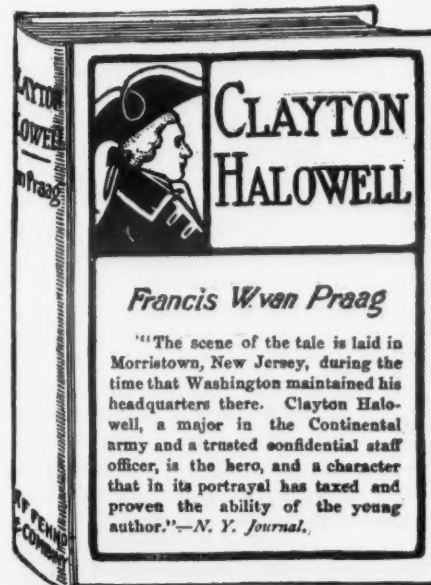
The form that has been adopted now will be simply "The President." Without any additional frills the writer will jump directly into his subject. When he is through he will not say: "I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant, So-and-So." He will simply subscribe himself: "Respectfully, So-and-So."

So it is ordered by the Secretary of the Treasury, in the interests of conciseness and directness.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust street.

Great Hit of the Season.

Thoroughly American,
Thoroughly Good.



12mo., Illustrated. \$1.20 net.

The above and all the Latest and Popular Books,

For sale by

PHILIP ROEDER, Bookseller,
307 N. Fourth Street,
ST. LOUIS.

THE MIRROR SHORT STORY.

THE SABRETACHE

(Translated for the MIRROR from the French of Armand Silvestre, by A. Lenalé.)

This story was related to me in the good country of Brabant, on a winter evening, before a clear, bright fire of pine-knots,—amid the savory odors of thrushes spiced with juniper seeds, after eating which they were washed down with Bordeaux such as only our hospitable neighbors possess,—by a very genial old man who honestly warned me that it was not of recent date, but came from the times when the uniforms of the Belgian army, very Germanized to-day, recalled those of our imperial troops and the immortal designs of our Charlot.

General van den Boum, then without being one of the greatest warriors of that time, had yet gained, among European officers, just renown as an eminent strategist, and his opinion carried considerable weight on military questions. Ordinarily the old man was rather amiable, a good liver besides, except when the gout, to which he was subject, as are all people of good gastronomic and gallant tendencies, seized him in its evil grip. He accepted these visitations with a very ill grace, and these times were not a holiday for those who had the honor to share his hearth. So his son-in-law, Captain Hostepette, of the king's hussars, who lived in his hotel, never missed an opportunity to take a furlough on such occasions, when the old soldier became insupportable. And the whole garrison at Brussels was filled with an ardent desire to do the same. For, ordinarily excessively strict in all that appertained to the discipline and appearance of his troops, when in a gouty state he became an ultra disciplinarian of the highest order, with his two hobbies, and, from his window that overlooked the most frequented boulevards, where he remained in ambush all day, a field-glass in his hand, showered retributive penance on every unfortunate soldier whose buttons insufficiently reflected the sun, or whose belt-buckle was not precisely in the center of his waist—the pastime of an old warrior who refused to waste a single moment of that life which he had vowed to his country.

Now, on this particular morning General van den Boum, after a night of torture which had exasperated him outrageously, had posted himself at his observatory with gout in his feet and fire in his eyes; a fine morning, notwithstanding, and fitted to all the benevolent turns of fortune, the sky clear and tinted with blue-gray, as is so often seen in the vicinity of Holland, the atmosphere vibrant, wherein, at the rising of the sun, gleamed the noble architectures of the city, the roadsides bordered with flowers raised in the gardens of Gand, and their beautiful rose-tinted women, who seemed to have stepped out of the canvases of Rubens: a morning filled with ambient mildness and instinctive forgiveness for all human foibles. Ignoring this universal sentiment of fraternity, the General, sentinelled at his window, fiercely contracted his bushy, gray eye-brows on perceiving Captain van den Brouch, of the same regiment as his son-in-law, who was passing by, adorned in a handsome fancy uniform made by a fashionable tailor—the hussar coat trimmed elaborately with brandebourgs, triple rows of soutache braid ornamenting his pantaloons, but absolutely devoid of the regulation sabretache which should have hung from his side. With a round oath the General called his orderly to hasten after the lively officer and summon

him to his presence. When the former had rejoined the dandified Captain on the boulevard, as he gaily whistled a conquering air, thinking of his sweetheart, young van den Brouch comprehended the situation instantly, knowing that it was due to his grave lack of military etiquette. So he arrived with lowered head, his joyous piping silenced, when, as he was entering the vestibule of the General's hotel, following his guide, he spied, hung from a panoply, a superb sabretache, that of the General's son-in-law, his comrade Hostepette, who had gone to Ostend for a short season, to hasten his father-in-law's recovery. Van den Brouch recognized in this a veritable dispensation of Providence; he rapidly fastened this heaven-sent sabretache to his belt and, perfectly irreproachable in appearance now, entered the presence of his superior with upright mien. Seeing him thus accurately appointed, the General, ineffably astonished, asked himself if he was the subject of an optical delusion, rubbed his eyes and became much embarrassed in extricating himself from a conference the subject of which seemed to have escaped him. Man of the world as he was, however, he dominated the situation with a few carefully selected phrases: "Captain," said he, to the young officer who awaited his pleasure imperturbably, "I know what an interest you take in my health, so I asked you to come up, thinking you would be delighted to have news directly from me. I thank you for having come so readily for it! But I will not detain you longer." And he waved a friendly farewell to the Captain who, descending, returned the sabretache he had borrowed to its rightful place, happy in resuming his flute-noted whistle. But he had not reckoned on the fact that the General would watch his exit. The latter nearly fell over with astonishment at seeing this devil of a van den Brouch reappear again without a sabretache! This was really too much! Which was the delusion? When he had seen him indoors or out? With hair-raising oaths he recalled his orderly and again sent him in pursuit of the delinquent. Van den Brouch commenced to find the joke a little wearisome, but he remounted philosophically, taking the same precaution as before on his way, and re-entered the General's room resplendent with his sabretache. For the moment van den Boum experienced a sensation as of sorcery and remained spell-bound. But something must be said to the Captain, who waited respectfully saluting. Almost inarticulate, he at last stammered that he had mistakenly supposed the Captain had left his handkerchief when he went out, but that he had since discovered it to be his own, and he begged to be excused for this useless interruption. Same ceremonies as on the former occasion, and then—at the third apparition of van den Brouch on the boulevard, and still minus a sabretache, the old warrior barely escaped an attack of apoplexy. He wondered if he had become insane, and determined to convince himself one way or the other. Reassuring himself again with his field-glass, he, for the third time, ordered the young officer, whose fair friend was anxiously watching for him, with delicacies spread on the festive board and kisses of welcome on her lips, to wait on him in his room. When van den Brouch reappeared, a little vexed this time and politely frigid, but always apparelled when indoors with that equipment which he lacked when outside, van den Boum, fairly aploplectic with rage, could only say: "All right! break ranks!" And, as soon as the Captain had left the

Diamonds, Watches, JEWELRY, SILVER, CUT GLASS.

A. Kurtzeborn & Sons,

JEWELERS.

310 North Sixth Street.

Near Olive.

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and Belle Place,

Absolutely Fire-Proof. * Strictly High Class. * Both Plans.

Cool and Delightful in Summer. Roof Garden.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.

room, before he had time to reappear on the boulevard, calling Madame his wife, who was embroidering in the next apartment and placing the field-glass in her fingers:

"Madame van den Boum," said he, pointing out the Captain as he emerged on the walk, "that officer of the hussars who is passing, has he, or has he not, his sabretache?"

"You must be amusing yourself at my expense, my dear," replied the good dame after having looked. "You can see as well as I that he has not."

"Very well! my dear! it is you who are fooled this time. He has it!"

And he reseated himself, relieved, felicitating himself on having just given his wife a good lesson, which is always advantageous in the domestic circle.

FAVORITE FLOWER OF FASHION.

The gardenia is just now the favored flower of fashion and no rival disputes its popularity. In a few weeks there will be few of these flowers in the market, as the blossoms are to be had only in the early spring and winter, when the price may be kept up to the altitude demanded by the florists for the flower in vogue at the moment. The gardenia is now as much in demand among men as among women and is not too common for either, as the price of the single flower still sticks at the Easter figure of 75 cents. In view of their frailty this price is considered especially high. One pretty young actress carries every night a large bunch of these white blooms, sent to her by an admirer now temporarily in a Western town, who did not forget to leave the order with his florist when he left New York. For several months she has received this bunch of gardenias at every performance.—N. Y. Sun.

One must be hard to please who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust

RESISTING.—*Paterfamilias*: "Tommy, stop pulling that poor cat's tail."

Tommy: "I'm not pulling it, pa. I'm only holding on to it. The cat's pulling it."

—Tit-Bits.

Chemical Cleaning Works

MILLS & AVERILL,

Broadway and Pine.

BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

Camel Borax.



Kills Bugs and Roaches.

Its usefulness for many other purposes in the household makes it indispensable. 96 recipes in every package. For sale by all grocers.

WRITERS, CORRESPONDENTS or REPORTERS

Wanted everywhere. Stories, news, ideas, poems, illustrated articles, advance news, drawings, photographs, unique articles, etc., etc., purchased. Articles revised and prepared for publication. Books published—Send for particulars and full information before sending articles.

The Bulletin Press Association, New York

REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

THE BIRTH OF NEMESIS.

The scarlet flowers of daybreak,
Have bloomed in the langorous sky,
The sunbeams kiss the night-shades
That faint and shudder and fly.
Oh, her face is pale on the pillows,
Her sleep is broken with sighs;
Her lips are white from passion,
From passion that glows and dies.

Her eyes, when the shadows linger,
Are weary of love's fierce flame,
Her breast is warm with the tempest,
The ecstasy of shame.
Her hair that the sun caresses
Is tossed in a golden maze,
And the light of the morning lingers,
And dances, and gleams, and plays.

One hand on the pillow resting
Lies, slender and white and smooth,
A hand to draw men downward,
To fondle and fire and soothe.
The air is heavy with incense,
With the odors of rose and myrrh
That steals from her dead-white body
When the dream-gods bid her stir.

I bend to the cheek that wooed me,
So cold and pale and drawn,
And I sigh for the midnight's passion
That grows so chill at dawn.
But her sleep and her dreams are cruel,
And her fair, smooth limbs are tossed
With the fever that lust begetteth
From the joy that was won and lost.

Oh, God, that the ashes linger
When the fire has had its way!
Oh, night, you are strange, repulsive,
In the glory and glare of day.
Oh, woman, I hate you sleeping
As I worshiped you anon,
I loved you in life and passion,
But now you are worn and wan.

Those eyes with the love-light in them,
Those lips that were pressed to mine,
Those cheeks that burned my bosom
Like the glow of a wondrous wine,
They were dreams that my fancy painted
In the darkness and depths of night,
They were witcheries wrought by madness,
They have passed in the sun's fierce light.

Sleep on in the garish glitter
Of the day that tells your tale,
Sleep on in the awful glory
That wraps you in its veil.
Wake not, for a heart is broken,
And love at your side lies dead.
I go—but my curse remaineth
Like a shadow above your bed.

Edward S. Van Zile.

PHILOMELA.

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, Old-World
pain—

Say will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Doth thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on the English
grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Doth thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?
Doth thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make re-
sound

With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through
the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!

Matthew Arnold.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

One of the most interesting entertainments of the season will be the performance to be given at the Century theatre, to-morrow (Friday) evening and the Saturday matinee, for the benefit of the St. Louis Children's Hospital. The play entitled "Monte Cristo's Wedding," by Mrs. H. D. Pittman, will be given and, it is said by those who have attended the rehearsals, will be most entertaining, the young folks entering into the spirit of the piece with amusing seriousness. Society people have always taken a warm interest in the welfare of this excellent institution, and that to-morrow's entertainment will prove no exception to this worthy rule may be judged from the following partial list of ladies who have taken boxes:

Mesdames Simeon Ray, John Schroers, Edward Mallinckrodt, Joseph Griesedieck, George Castleman, J. J. Wertheimer, Joseph Dickson, F. W. Biebinge, Hudson E. Bridge, Wells Blodgett, Louis Chauvenet, Charles E. Stix, Joel Swope, J. H. Montague, D. M. Houser, Robert McKittrick Jones, E. J. Glasgow, Jr., Hugh McKittrick, Norris B. Gregg, Misses Bell and January. The officers of the St. Louis Children's Hospital are as follows: Honorary president, Mrs. F. P. Blair; president, Mrs. Hugh McKittrick; first vice president, Mrs. Wells H. Blodgett; second vice president, Mrs. Norris B. Gregg; secretary, Mrs. Charles P. Burr; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. S. Potter; treasurer, Mrs. R. McK., Jones; assistant treasurer, Mrs. Edward Mallinckrodt. Honorary members, Mrs. W. M. Samuel, Mrs. John H. Louderman, Mrs. N. M. Wright. Managers, Mesdames H. S. Atterbury, F. W. Biebinge, H. E. Bridge, George A. Castleman, Joseph Dickson, Howard Elliott, John Fowler, Arthur Gale, E. J. Glasgow, Jr. W. T. Haydock, C. Gordon Knox, B. D. Lee, I. H. Lionberger, Louis M. McCall, E. Mallinckrodt, N. A. McMillan, J. N. Norris, Saunders Norvell, Frederick Paramore, D. R. Powell, Simeon Ray, William H. Thornburgh, E. D. Tilton, Miss Bell.

A NOBLE WORK.

Elsewhere a card announces the establishment of a school in St. Louis for special education of children of retarded mentality. It is a striking evidence of the increased knowledge of pedagogy that such a specialty is recognized and that specialists like Miss Compton have devoted themselves to it. The curriculum of studies will, of course, be adapted to the mental development of the pupils, and the instruction will be imparted in such a manner as to make it amenable and digestible. In addition to the ordinary subjects, the pupils will be taught music, dancing and art-work, commencing, of course, on the kindergarten plan. While the girls will learn the feminine accomplishments of fancy needlework, embroidery, etc., the boys will be taught the use of tools. It is proposed by Miss Compton to impart the atmosphere of a refined home life to the school, and to watch each pupil individually. The importance of such a school for a class of children for whom it is intended, cannot be over-estimated. Miss Compton who is at present a teacher in the "Physiological School for Children of Arrested Development," of Seguin, N. J., is thoroughly competent for the work to which she is devoted and comes here with the best of endorsements.



AN INVITATION

Is hereby extended to inspect our superb line of

WALL PAPERS

This Season we have many

EXCLUSIVE PATTERNS

In all grades of goods—and from our extensive and long established business can give advantages to our customers—We are well equipped to do all styles of Interior Decoration—in Paper Hanging and Ornamental Painting and Frescoing.

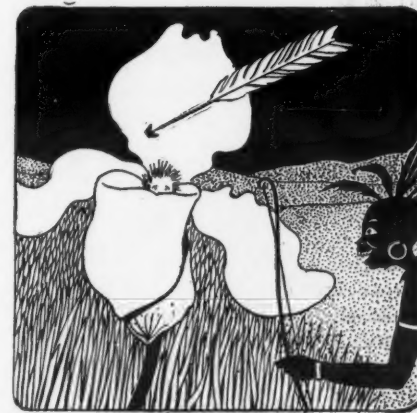
Hard Wood Floors a Specialty.

NEWCOMB BROS. WALL PAPER CO.,

N. W. Cor. 7th and Locust Streets.

IRISH CONCERT.

On Tuesday evening, May 21, will be given an Irish Concert, at the Odeon, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums of St. Louis, under the auspices and presence of His Grace Archbishop Kain. Every number on the programme will be of Irish origin; for instance, selections from Moore's Melodies, "Bohemian Girl," "Marianita" and "Innisfallen." All the tradition will be preserved, and that quaint ruggedness so salient in the old Celtic airs will be given in all its purity, regardless of that transmutation which Irish music underwent about the time Moore lived. There scarcely was, in Moore's time, a better musician than Sir John Stevenson, but he was very much influenced by Haydn, which superinduced Stevenson to polish those gems coming down from past ages so much, that one might complain that he rubbed off much of the inherent varnish. There is much irresistible support for the statement that the Irish is the only nation that possesses any traditional music. Such authorities as Dr. O'Donovan, M. R. I. A., Eugene O'Curry, M. R. I. A., Sir William Wilde and Dr. Petrie, having produced evidence, through old documents, that cannot be refuted. At this concert several pieces will have been rearranged and copyrighted especially for the occasion, so that the audience will hear, in their old forms, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," "The Young May Moon is Beaming, Love," "When in Death I Shall Calmly Recline." This work has been placed in the hands of Alexander Henneman, who will direct this concert, inspired by Manager M. B. Delahunt, who is a pupil of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin. A chorus of 200 voices has been carefully selected from the Catholic Churches of St. Louis, East St. Louis and Belleville. The following distinguished amateurs and professionals will take part: George Vieh, James Rohan John Rohan, Paul Mori, Master Devol, Alexander Henneman, Charles Herr, —Boeck, A. A. Wiesenfeld, Francis H. Miller, M. B. Delahunt Misses Schuricht, Ida Harder, Clara Harder, Amelia Ghio, Blanche Walsh, Anna Hinrichs, Mrs. Gill, and Reeves Coghlan, elocutionist, (niece of Capt. J. Coghlan) who will recite "The Red Hand of O'Neill" by Banim, amid a wealth of potted plants and flowers, environing a delightful array to the Irish heart, of Irish and American flags. The concert will close with "America."



"Out of Sight"

Is sometimes said of clothing in the Orient. It don't mean the same thing here in St. Louis. It means cleverness in fit, in fabric and in fashion—these are characteristic of our tailor-made products and the well-dressed man is our best evidence.

For example our \$30 Suits are much superior to any in this city. For example our \$8 to \$10 Trousers are beauties.

It's Wash Vest time—we have lots of beautiful Vestings

\$6 to \$9

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.
820 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE ONE TO SEND FOR.

Willie had swallowed a penny, and his mother was in a state of much alarm.

"Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor, Willie has swallowed a penny."

The terrified boy looked up imploringly.

"No, mamma," he interposed; "send for the minister."

"The minister!" exclaimed the mother.

"Yes, because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."



LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE.

"This watchdog you sold me is no good."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Why—every time he barks he wags his tail."

"HUMPHREY CORNER"

Children's Clothing

Every Mother knows
That there is a vast
Difference between Cheap
Clothing and our sort—

The lowest price we quote is

\$3.50

This is for a Boy's Two-Piece School Suit and is positively worth more than we ask.

Our Wash Suits are ready for your inspection.

Humphrey's

Broadway and Pine St.,
St. Louis.

Heffernan

Art Dealer
and Framer,

Removed to

415 N. BROADWAY

Most Convenient Location
in town.

DELMAR GARDEN

Bill—Week of May 19.

Filson and Erroll, Delour, Debrimont Trio, Walland Fogarty, Ben Mowatt and Son, Platt and Sutherland, Carlin and Brown, Anderson Sisters.

Visit the Midway—See the Streets of Cairo—
Greatest Summer Garden in the World.

"Look here, sir," exclaimed the irate customer. Explain how it is the goods my wife ordered to be sent up for dinner haven't been delivered." "Let me see," said the grocer, reflectively, "your wife pays cash, doesn't she?" "Yes. What's that got to do with it?" "Well, you know, sir, anybody that pays cash doesn't get goods on time."

THE STOCK MARKET.

And so the Wall street boom has experienced a sudden and unprecedented collapse! Well, well, who would have thought it possible? It came and disappeared as suddenly as a tornado, leaving wreck and ruin behind it, and filling the hearts of misguided, inexperienced speculators with anguish and despair. Up to the very day of the cataclysm, the leading papers of the country were full of the wonderful state of affairs in Wall street, the perfectly logical trend of values, fabulous railway earnings and dividends, astounding consolidations in the railway and industrial world, the plethora of money, and the well-grounded anxiety of the people to get rid of their surplus cash by investment or a speculation. Well, they got rid of it all right; perhaps they got rid of more than they could afford to lose, and have now ample time to reflect on the vanity of everything, and especially of the hope of beating Wall street. How enticing were those tales of waiters, bootblacks, elevator-boys and cabbies, who got rich within the space of a few hours through the investment of sums ranging from \$50 to \$87! No wonder everybody went daffy on stocks, and remitted money to Wall street brokers, with instructions to buy, no matter what. All that has been gained by the gullibles and lambs is another costly though valuable experience, but it is safe to predict that the lesson will be forgotten as soon as another wild bull movement is approaching its culmination.

Late events have amply demonstrated the fact that to get ahead of the Wall street game is as hopeless a task for the inexperienced outsider as is that of squaring the circle, and yet there are thousands and thousands of spectators who think they know it all, and are "up to" the tricks and intrigues of stock exchange cliques. It is only the insiders, the large capitalistic interests, the pools, banks, trust companies and well-informed brokers that reap profits on the exchange. The average margin-trader might as well risk his money on the roulette tables of Monte Carlo. If he is permitted to make anything on his stock deal, it is for the purpose of making him reckless and to whet his appetite. The sharks will devour him at last.

It is not necessary to go into details about the late panic. In its causes and incidents, it was no different from preceding breaks in values. All that can be said is that bull speculation had assumed absurd dimensions, and that the big fellows had sold out several weeks ago, with the intention of allowing the public to "load up" at top-prices, and then shaking it out again. According to Wall street gossip, the only man who predicted the slump was Russell Sage, who is now the hero of the day. The veteran speculator emitted warnings a few days before the smash-up, but the rank and file of traders laughed at his words, and assumed an air of great shrewdness by hinting at the probability that Uncle Sage was trying to get out of his "calls" and had himself been trapped. Of course, Sage is now entitled to have the last and best laugh; his croakings of disaster will hereafter be listened to with more respect and deference. There can be no doubt that our philanthropic uncle is one of the few who picked up some of the choice bargains, when the panic was at its height, and gathered a few million dollars of profits. He will have the opportunity to increase his offerings of call-money at profitable rates. One of his peculiarities is that he is always bullish on the money-market. He prefers cold cash to stock any day. He is an old-

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS

G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
St. Louis Stock Exchange,
Chicago Board of Trade.

Direct
Private
Wires.

DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

JOHN F. BAUER.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

A. H. BAUER.

BAUER BROS.,
STOCK AND BOND BROKERS,

No. 312 N. Fourth Street, Stock Exchange Bldg.

Dealers in HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

DOUGLAS, LACY & CO.,

BANKERS and BROKERS.

FISCAL AGENTS.

No. 66 Broadway and 17 New Street, New York.

Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange. Dividend-Paying Mining and Oil Stocks

The largest house in the United States handling exclusively mining and oil stocks. Attention is called to their low-priced, large dividend-paying properties. Investors are absolutely guaranteed against loss under their plan of Combination Investments. Correspondence invited. Call for further information at the

St. Louis Offices, Suites 4 and 5 Security Building.

LORING M. HOWELL, Manager.

Branches: Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, Conn.; St. John, N. B.; Montreal, Canada; London, England.

timer and knows what he is doing. So please don't laugh at him any more hereafter.

How skillfully that smash was brought about. There is a strong and reasonable suspicion that it marked the consummation of well-laid plans. Insiders desired to get back their stocks at cheap figures. There was nothing in the general business or political conditions to cause any big scare among holders, and, therefore, something extraordinary had to be resorted to in order to attain coveted objects. The banks did not play a very reputable part in the proceedings. They called in loans early in the day, pretending that it was necessary, whirled interest-rates up to 60 per cent, refused to accommodate anxious borrowers, and thus precipitated the panic and caused all the excitement, sacrificing of securities at ruinous prices and losses of millions. After the public had been compelled to let go, there was again plenty of money to be had. At this writing, you can have all you want at 6 per cent. And yet they talk about the disinterestedness and public spirit of such institutions! They aided and abetted the wild, crazy bull movement, encouraged and invited buying by outsiders, and then, when the time had arrived, they assisted the manipulators and syndicates in buying back at ridiculously low prices,

when many leading stocks sold at the lowest level of the summer of 1900. The Northern Pacific episode, while highly interesting in itself, was merely a side-show, designed to furnish some pretext or reason for occurrences which lacked an honest, legitimate explanation. While the enormous speculation for the rise had unduly strained the resources of the banks, it did not justify a rise in interest-rates to 60 per cent. Only four days before the break, a leading New York bank official said: "It is rather difficult to make any accurate forecast of the future of the money market, but, at the same time, I don't see any reason why there should be any stringency. I rather look for a continuation of present easy conditions,—that is to say, of relatively cheap money. The country is marvelously rich and has plenty of money to spare."

We all know that prices, taken as a whole, were entirely too high, yet did this alone warrant such a tremendous decline in values? By conservative action the banks could have made the decline gradual and prevented such unprecedented violence in the downward movement. Such action would not, however, have suited the plans of the intriguers. A few weeks ago, when the Associated Banks of New York City held only about \$3,000,000 above legal requirements

St. Louis Trust Co.

4th and
Locust Sts.

Capital, \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

MOST MODERN SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IN THE WEST.

Boxes for rent \$5.00 and upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GUY P. BILLON,

Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. Connected by SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with the various exchanges.

307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	110 -111
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110 -111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102 1/2 -103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St. r'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about.....\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/2 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102 -104
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mrtg	1928	100 -102
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109 -111
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -119
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1927	95 - 96
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1914	98 - 99
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1910	91 - 95
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1912	90 - 95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	247 -248
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	203 -204
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1901 6 SA	280 -285
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	215 -217
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5 p.c. SA	254 -257
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1901, 8 SA	290 -295
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1901, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Mar. 1901 1 1/2 qy	145 -150
Jefferson	100	Jan. 00, 3 p.c. SA	117 -120
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1901, 8 SA	400 -600
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	233 -235
Mechanics-Laclede	100	Mar. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	202 -205
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1901, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	288 -289
South Side	100	Nov. 1900, 8 SA	125 -130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1901, 8 SA	140 -145
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	110 -115
State National	100	Apr. 1901 1 1/2 qy	175 -177
Third National	100	Apr. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	212 -218

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	250 -255
Lincoln	100	Dec. '00, S.A. 3	256 -238
Miss. Va.	100	Apr. '01, 2 1/2 qy	260 -262
St. Louis	100	Apr. '01, 1 1/2 qy	318 -320
Title Trust	100		155 -157
Union	100	Nov. '98, 8	380 -400
Mercantile	100	Apr. '01 Mo 75c	1320 -321

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 107 -108
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 117 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 -
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102 -103
St. L. & Sub.		30 - 92
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105 -106
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 116 1/2 -116 3/4
do Income 5s		1914 93 1/2 - 95
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104 -106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 -108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 120 -122
United Ry's Pfd.	Apr. '01 1 1/2	78 1/2 - 79
" 4 p. c. 50s	J & J	90 - 90 1/2
St. Louis Transit		24 1/2 - 24 3/4

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	49 - 51

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		18 - 19
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	44 - 45
Am. Car. Pfd. Ry Co	100	May 1901 1 1/2	25 - 26
" Pfd	100	May 1901, 1 1/2 qy	76 - 77
Bell Telephone	100	Apr. 1901 2 qy	2 - 4
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	125 -131
Central Lead Co.	100	Apr. 1901, MO.	14 - 15
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	125 -135
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Apr. 1901, 1/2 MO	220 -225
Granite Bl. Metal	100		85 - 90
Hydraulic P. B. Co.	100	May 1900, 1 qy	48 - 53
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. 1901 A. 10	103 -109
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901 SA 3 1/2	102 -108
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	80 - 83
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Dec. 1900 SA	99 -101
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		55 - 57
Mo. Edison com.	100		19 1/2 - 20
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Apr. '01 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	Apr. '01 qy 1 1/2	90 -102
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb. 1901, 8 A	169 -176
Simmons do pfd.	100	Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	141 -145
Simmons do 2 pfd	100	Mar. 1901 4 S.A.	142 -150
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Feb. 1901 1 1/2 qy	14 - 15
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan. '00, 4 p. c.	67 - 68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan. '99 3 p. c.	63 - 64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	5 - 25
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '96, 2	2 - 4
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Apr. 1901, 1 qy	70 - 75
Union Dairy	100	Feb. '01, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '01, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. 1901, 7 1/2	183 -184

interest-rates were kept down, and did not go above 4 per cent. At the time of the smash on the 9th inst., the same banks held about \$10,000,000 above legal requirements, and yet interest rates were allowed to climb up to 60 per cent. The panic, when all is said, was extremely disgraceful in its causes, incidents and effects, and cannot be claimed to have enhanced the reputation of New York financial interests for conservatism and prudence. It was a "skin-game," pure and simple; too shrewdly laid to be honest, and its results too disastrous to be warranted by existing commercial conditions.

Of course, when you enter the Wall street game, you are prepared to be "done up," and know that you need not expect any mercy. The outsider has as much of a chance there as a lamb has among a pack of hungry, yelping wolves. Yet there is some fairness, some observance of the *noblesse oblige* maxim, even among highwaymen, and Wall street manipulators should not permit themselves to be eclipsed, in this respect, by the outlaws of human society. There is a difference in speculation. One form of it is perfectly legitimate and justified, while the other is dishonest and disgraceful. However, there is probably no use preaching morality to Wall street; it would be heeded as little as was the biblical voice in the wilderness.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

While the local bond and stock market has been somewhat weak of late, there were no breaks of consequence in any direction. Trading was small and confined to a few stocks. Everybody seemed to be watching things in Wall street and acting according to the news from that important financial center. Some bank stocks are a little lower, and others unchanged. Bank of Commerce is 288 1/2 bid and State National 175 bid, and 177 1/2 asked. American Exchange is 245 bid, with none offered, while 234 is asked for Mechanics National.

St. Louis Transit is strong and higher; some sold at 25 1/4 lately. The preferred stock declined to 78 and has since rallied to 78 3/4 again; the bonds are steady around 90. Mercantile Trust is 239 1/2 bid, Lincoln Trust 233 bid, with sales at this figure, and Missouri Trust 115 bid.

Missouri-Edison bonds dropped to 95 and are now offered at 95 1/4, with 94 3/4 bid. The shares are unchanged and little traded in.

Foreign exchange is firmer, sterling being 4.88 3/4, Berlin 95 3/4 and Paris 5.15.

THE WAITER WAS NO LINGUIST.

He pulled himself up at the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French, and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said, sternly, "there's nothing on this I want."

"Ain't there nothin' you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter, politely.

"Have you got any sine qua non?"

The waiter gasped.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Got any bona-fide?"

"N-no sir."

"Got any semper eadem?"

"No, sir, we haven't."

"Got any jeu d'esprits?"

"No, sir, not one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"Got any soirees dansants?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off.

"Got any sine die?"

"We ain't, sir."

"Got any pluribus unum?"

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

"Seems to me I heerd of that, sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen, only to return empty-handed.

"Maybe you've got some beef and cabbage and a gooseberry tart!"

"Sure we have, sir," exclaimed the waiter, in a tone of the utmost relief; and he fairly flew out to the kitchen.—*London Tit-Bits.*

CONSOLATION.—*Mr. Fondpar:* "Ask the doctor to come to my house immediately. My wife doesn't quite like the baby's looks."

Norah: "He's out, sure, but don't yez worry—the homeliest babies sometimes grow up quite good-looking."—*Brooklyn Life.*

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.,

FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$6,500,000.

Buys and Sells Investment Securities.

Bond List mailed on application.

BENNETT WASSERMAN & CO.,

STOCK and BOND BROKERS,

TELEPHONES,

Bell, Main 3043.

Kinloch, A 1717.

212 North Fourth Street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Execute Orders in Stocks, Bonds, Cotton, Grain and Provisions on New York, Chicago and St. Louis Exchanges over our own Private Wires for Cash or on Margin.

THE SUMMER GARDENS.

In spite of the rather cool evenings Delmar Garden opened its season to large audiences. This resort has been enlarged and improved in every way, making it an ideal resort for summer nights' entertainments. Its programme this week is a capital one. Miss Dorothy Studebaker, who has a pleasant, mezzo-soprano voice, and interests the ladies with her stylish toilettes, is "a drawing card." Other good features are the amusing recitations of Fletcher, the monologist; Kara, the juggler; the famous Faust family of acrobatic artists; "Mabelle" Davis, a pretty, petite danseuse; and Boyce and Wilson, the funny men who can make even dyspeptics laugh. Commencing Sunday next, 19th inst., Filson, Errol and Godfrey have a comedy, "A Divided House;" the Delaur-Debrimont trio sing operatic selections; Wall and Fogarty extract music from all kinds of "implements;" Ben Mowatt and Son, are conjurers; Flatt and Sutherland and Carlin and Brown are good comedians, (the latter couple of the funny German style), and the Anderson Sisters are serio-comic song and dance artists.

June 2nd a season of summer opera will begin under the management of Mr. Chas. M. Southwell, of Castle Square Opera Company fame. "The Wizard of the Nile" (Victor Herbert's) will be the first opera.

With Jessie Bartlett Davis setting the pace for vaudeville attractions at Forest Park Highlands, the succeeding bills demand top-liners who are in the same category with Miss Davis. Such an attraction has been secured by the management for next week in Francesca Redding and her company of four, including John Alden, Arthur Larkin and Ralph Morse. They present Will M. Cressey's latest effort, "Her Friend from Texas," billed as an original one-act play. The rollicking farce gives Miss Redding just the opportunity to display her comedy talents in the part of a dashing widow from Denver, who seeks excitement in New York. Dialogue and situations are exceedingly mirth-provoking and the proper summer garden entertainment. In addition to Miss Redding, Col. Hopkins has secured the Three Dumonds, Parisian Serenaders, presenting the greatest musical novelty of the century. This is their first American tour and their first appearance in vaudeville in the West. Their specialty bit of "Signor Paganini," is always received with enthusiasm. Other features are the comedy gymnastics by Kenno, Welch and Melrose; that popular old favorite Lew Hawkins, in comedy of his own style and character, and novelty dancing by Hooker and Davis. With his keen eye for feminine beauty, Col. Hopkins was not slow to detect in Ma Belle Davis of this team one of the handsomest women on the stage.

DINING A LA JAPANESE.

The wife of a Japanese gentleman does not preside at his table unless there are ladies in the party, but appears with the tea and sweetmeats which always precede a dinner, as do our cocktails and sherry, etc. She merely greets the guests and appears again only when the good-byes are said. Silken cushions are scattered about the floor and the guests are arranged according to rank. Little tables, some six inches high, are placed before each one and barefooted waiting maids in graceful and prettily-tinted kimonos bring in lacquer trays with tiny covered bowls. Before leaving the trays on

the tables they set them on the floor, and dropping on their knees make their best bow, touching their foreheads to the floor. Chopsticks take the place of knives and forks, and, unlike our weapons of attack, are made of wood. They are never used twice, unless family heirlooms, when they are of carved ivory of the most exquisite workmanship, as are also the lacquer trays, bowls and cups.

The host sets an example by removing the covers from the tiny bowls, and the guest, doing likewise, finds an assortment of food quite new and generally most distasteful. Mustering up much skill the guest attempts getting the food from the table to his mouth. The wretched sticks wobble and cross each other as focussed. When the Occidental is almost desperate, the good host is apt to come to the rescue by suggesting lifting the bowls and with the aid of a chopstick shoveling the food in, as one would potatoes into a barrel.

In each course there are half a dozen dishes, and the host tells what they are. First, suimono, a bead soup; kuchitori, chestnuts boiled and crushed into a mush; kamaboko, fish picked fine and rolled into balls and baked; sashimi, raw fish cut into thin slices and covered with ice. This is dipped into rich sauce called soy, and is really very good. Little cups of warm sake, the native brandy made of rice, are served with each course. Napkins and bread are unknown quantities. The second course is a small fish boiled whole; umami, bits of fowl boiled with potatoes or lotus roots, a salad of onions, peas and string beans, with a few leaves of lettuce; sunomono, sea snails served with eggplant mashed, and chaman-mushi, a thick soup made of fish and vegetables, with mushrooms for a relish. The third course is a curry of rice and picked vegetables; and for a fourth and final course you have sobo, a sort of buck-wheat vermicelli served with soy and a sweet liqueur called mirin; shiruko, rice cakes, seaweed and confectionery of all sorts, which are very sweet.

During the dinner each guest rises and proposes the health of the host and one other guest until the whole party is disposed of. This custom is rather hard on the guests,

for sake is fiery stuff and goes to the head more quickly than our own brandy. To make matters worse, after one has drunk the health of all the company, it is customary to drink the health of the waitresses, who bow their foreheads to the floor in acknowledgment.—*Boston Transcript*.

PERSONAL.—The young man, leading a dog by a string, lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station and inquired: "Must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?" "No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

CELESTIAL COSTUMES.—*Husband*: "I wonder what we shall wear in heaven."

Wife: "Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks."—*Smart Set*.

Mermod & Jaccard's on Broadway.



Scarritt-Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

Summer Furniture.

Every recurring year brings new styles of summer furniture, suggesting coolness, inviting repose and making the hot months comfortable. Every one is interested in summer furniture, and it is equally adapted to the city house, country villa, and cabin in the woods, or wherever the summer days are spent. Our display of summer furniture and furnishings is the most complete ever shown in America.

Lawn Seats, \$1.50 and up—Rockers and Chairs,

"Old Hickory" Chairs, Etc.,

None so Good.

See our new patterns of

Reed Lounges,

Rockers and Chairs,

Vert Green, Flemish and Natural Finishes.

200 Styles—Cool and Comfortable.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis.

APRIL 24TH, 1901.

RESOURCES.			
Currency and Coin,	-	\$6,457,950.28	
Checks and Cash Items,	-	686,802.80	
Sight Exchange,	-	9,250,677.87	\$16,395,430.95
United States Bonds	-	-	5,750,625.00
Bonds, Stocks, etc.,	-	-	3,490,714.18
Loans and Discounts,	-	-	19,676,401.73
Real Estate,	-	-	599,500.00
			\$45,912,671.86
LIABILITIES.			
Capital,	-	-	\$5,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits,	-	-	3,323,683.10
Circulation,	-	-	4,772,347.50
Deposits,	-	-	32,816,641.26
			\$45,912,671.86

ACCOUNTS OF INDIVIDUALS, MANUFACTURERS, B. F. EDWARDS, CASHIER.
MERCHANTS, CORPORATIONS AND BANKS SOLICITED UPON FAVORABLE TERMS.

Forest Park Highlands.

HOPKINS' PAVILION.

Week Beginning Sunday, May 19

Two Performances Daily.

Francesca Redding & Co.

IN

Her Friend from Texas

Les Dumonds,

Parisian Serenaders.

Kenno, Welsh and Melrose,

Comedy Gymnasts.

Lew Hawkins, Comedian.

Hooker and Davis, Eccentric
Pantomimists and Novelty Dancers

AND OTHERS.

Admission to Grounds Free
Reserved Seats 25c and 10c

CRAWFORD'S

Offer Some of the Best Things

Ever heard of this week in each and every department. Be one of the early comers and secure your pick while the assortments are unbroken.

Waists, Jackets, Suits and Skirts.

We will have on sale this week a beautiful new Surplice Waist, made of a very fine white India lawn, front of waist handsomely tucked and lace trimmed, new Bishop sleeves, tucked six times down the back, bought to sell at \$2.50; this Waist will be found in our Waist Department, at95c

Here is the best bargain ever offered—Ladies' Waists, striped and figured percale, with white pique chemisette, pointed stitched pieces of plain chambray on each side, tucked down back, Bishop sleeves, colors pink, blue and lavender, bought to sell for \$1.98, at.....89c

On sale one lot of Ladies' swell Eton Jackets and collarless Tailor-Made Suits, colors tan, castor, blue and black, made of fine covert cloths, Venetians and serges—these Suits were \$19.50, \$22.50 and up to \$25.00; our suit special\$6.66

Just received, the new Shirt-Waist Suit, made of chambray, Waist handsomely tucked front and back, Bishop sleeves, skirt is made with a deep flounce, colors oxblood and lavender, our special price.....\$2.29

Tailor-Made Unlined Flannel Dress Skirts, made of fine Venetian cloth, colors tan, castor and brown, bought to sell for \$6.50, on sale now.....\$3.49

Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Etons, handsomely trimmed with braid and small buttons, new bell sleeves, an \$8.75 Eton, special\$4.98

DRESS GOODS.

9c—for 32-inch Batiste Lawns, white and colored grounds, in floral and stripe effects, regular 20c value.

12½c—for Silk Striped Etamine, colors woven in, entirely new fabric; worth 25c.

15c—for high grade Imported Irish Dimity and French Batiste, all the choicest designs of the season, fast colors; regular 25c quality.

15c—for Genuine French Organdie: white grounds, with floral designs, all beautiful styles; regular 35c value.

22½c—for Mercerized, Silk Finished, Figured Foulards, the most desirable novelty fabric of the season, all the popular colorings.

25c—for 42-inch All-Wool Tweed Mixtures, especially suitable for skirts; price early in season 49c.

49c—for 30-inch Mercerized, Silk Striped Grenadine Effects, the latest novelty for shirt waists; regular 85c value.

Lace Curtains, Portieres, Window Shades.

250 pair ruffled Striped Swiss Curtains, were 95c; now, pair.....49c

500 pair Nottingham Lace Curtains, full widths and lengths, regular value \$1.50; now, pair.....85c

300 pair Scotch Lace Curtains, 54 inches wide, 3½ yds. long, Renaissance and Brussels effects, were \$2.75; now, pair.....\$1.35

150 Rope Portieres for full-size doors, were \$2.00, now.....\$1.19

75 Rope Valances for single doors, were \$1.50; now, each.....79c

25 dozen Oil Opaque Window Shades, all complete, were 45c; now, each.....22c

Brass Extension Rods, were 7½c, now, each.....4c

All-Wool Rug Fringe, was 10c; now, yard.....5c

White Enameled Cottage Rods, were 15c; now, each.....10c

HOSIERY.

Ladies' Fine Gauge, Fast Black Cotton Hose, high-spliced heel and toe; also, black with unbleached feet; worth 17c; special.....10c

Ladies' Imported Fancy Cotton and Fast Black, Richelieu Ribbed, French Lisle Thread Hose, high-spliced heel and toe; worth up to 50c; choice.....25c

Children's Imported Polka Dot Hose, black and white, and blue and white; also, black lisle thread, lace ankle, infants' black lace all over; sizes 5 and 5½; 50c goods; per pair35c

Infants' Imported Lace Cotton Sox; also Mercerized Lisle, looks like silk; black, blue, pink, red, tan and white; worth 35c and 20c; now25c and 12½c

White Goods.

36-inch English Nainsook, 12 yards to bolt, worth \$1.45, special price per bolt.....\$1.10

Welt Pique, extra heavy quality, actual value 30c, special price.....16c

All-over tucking for Shirt Waists and Yokes, actual value 45c, now.....35c

40-inch Bishop Lawn, extra quality, actual value 20c, now.....15c

Striped Madras for Shirt Waists, worth 20c, special price15c

41-inch Persian Lawn, actual value 35c special20c

DOMESTICS.

500 ready-made Unbleached Sheets, for full-size beds, actually worth 55c; to close them out quick, each39c

1,000 ready-made Bleached Sheets, size 90x90, made of the best quality of sheeting; regular price, 79c; our price to close, each.....58c

500 dozen ready-made Pillow Slips, sizes 42x36 and 45x36, made of good round-thread cotton, without dressing, worth 15c; while they last, each.....9c

450 ready-made Hemstitched Sheets, size 90x90; never sold less than 85c; made of the very best cotton, out they go at, each65c

One case Bleached full yard-wide Cotton; regular 6½c quality, while it lasts, yard.....4c

Butterick's Patterns for June,
Now In.

MILLINERY.

TRIMMED HATS.

In the midst of the midseason hustle our trimmed hats are selling. Come to Crawford's for your, \$3.98, \$4.98 and \$6.48

Sweller Shirt Waist Hats in the city for style and prices—you can find them at Crawford's for, \$1.98, \$2.48, \$3.98 and \$5.00

FLOWERS—The Biggest Bargains of the Season.

TABLE NO. 1—Assorted Flowers for5c

TABLE NO. 2—Assorted Flowers for10c

TABLE NO. 3—Assorted Flowers for15c

TABLE NO. 4—Assorted Flowers for29c

CAPS AND HATS FOR CHILDREN.

300 assorted Caps and Hats, all clean and fresh, in one lot, for15c

WASH GOODS.

200 pieces fancy styles blue-ground Prints, best make, 24 inches, worth 6½c yard; now, yard3½c

100 pieces fine 32-inch-wide Batistes, in stripes and all-over designs, all of the latest colorings, worth 15c yard, now.....10c

150 pieces Novelty Mercerized 32-inch wide Madras, for children's dresses, ladies' waists and gents' shirts, all the newest colorings, in plaids and stripes; worth 40c yard; now, yard.....21c

50 pieces very fine Silk Gingham, one of the highest novelties in this season's wash fabrics, in all colors, stripes only; worth 65c;—now (a yard)35c

Tzatlée Wash Silk Gingham Novelties, beautiful stripes, in all colors and new weaves, for Ladies' Shirt Waists and Gents' Shirts, worth 90c a yard; now (a yard)69c

LINENS.

15 pieces All-Linen Cream Table Damask, full width and extra heavy quality, worth 69c a yard; now, a yard.....39c

50 pieces Check Glass Toweling, 24 inches wide, worth 12½c a yard; now, a yard.....10c

1 case full size Crochet Bedspreads, hemmed and ready for use, worth 98c each; now, each.....69c

10 pieces Cream Table Damask, good quality and choice designs, worth 39c a yard; now, a yard.....25c

100 Crocheted Bedspreads, full size, all hemmed and ready for use, worth \$1.15 each; now, each.....89c

225 dozen of All-Linen Dinner Napkins, three-quarter size, worth \$1.85; now, a dozen.....\$1.35

SILKS.

24-inch all new shades Satin Foulards, new patterns, made to sell at 69c, now.....49c

24-inch All-Silk Satin Foulards, beautiful patterns, light and dark grounds, made to sell for 98c, now.....55c

Best Satin Foulards made, latest colors, and patterns exclusive, made to sell for \$1.25, now.....69c

Black Dress Goods.

Black and White Lawns and Batistes, neat, small patterns, regular 15c quality, for.....8c

Black Lawns, lace effects or stripes, 20c quality, for.....10c

Black Pierola Cloth for Skirts, would be cheap at 39c19c and 29c

Six Grand Races

AT FAIR GROUNDS DAILY.

Debutante Stakes will be Run Thursday, May 16.

Admission, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00. Races Start 2:30 P. M.

St. Louis Fair Association.

A MAN AND THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

The women of our town formed a club. At first I supposed it was one of numerous organizations designed for the reform of the opposite sex. It shows the superior altruism of women that they are always forming societies for the abolition of the vices of the men and rarely for those of the women. Their unselfishness in this respect is all the more remarkable because, of course, it would be so much easier for the sex to reform itself, though probably woman is laboring so hard at the beam which is in her brother's eye that she has no time to pay attention to the mote which is in her own eye.

But as time went on I found my own vices were not attacked; and when I learned that the club was not reformatory, but devoted to the cultivation of art, the study of literature and history, and the practice of domestic and political economy, I not only allowed my wife and mother-in-law to join, but applied for membership myself. Greatly to my surprise I was told that I was constitutionally ineligible; that it was a woman's club and no man could join. This seemed incredible in a State where the women have acquired all the political prerogatives of the men while retaining all the personal privileges peculiar to the sex elsewhere. Was it possible that emancipated woman is bent on the same policy of exclusion which has for so many centuries been the reproach of dominant man? Must the age-long conflict be fought over again, with the men as Utlanders? Have women pleaded for the open door to church, school, business and social organizations only to slam it in the face of the men who admitted them?

At the first public reception of the Woman's Club I presented this view to one of the prominent officials, and was pleased to learn that there was no prejudice against men as men. It was merely because men were so engrossed in business and material interests that they cared nothing for the higher objects of the club; so none of them would join if they were permitted. I hastened to assure her of the contrary by expressing my desire to join. She replied that no doubt the ladies would be delighted to admit me, but it would not do; for if they let me in all the men in town would want to join. There seemed to me a discrepancy in this argument somewhere, but before I could point it out to her she was called away by her official duties.

The next lady I approached on the subject replied very sweetly that the ladies were just beginning, and were so ignorant of parliamentary law and such things that they

did not want to admit the men who knew all about such things for fear of ridicule. I told her that we would all be willing to come into the club and teach the ladies; but she answered in an altered tone that she did not know of any men in town who could teach the Woman's Club anything. I thought there was a fancy here, too, but, as I was saying over "*Barbara celarent, darii—arma virumque cano*," in order to detect it, she left to receive some guests. She was sorry, however, to interrupt so interesting a conversation. She said so.

So was I; but I soon met another lady manager (I believe that is the title, though it sounds like pleonasm. Why add the word manager?) She said that the men could not attend the meetings of the club because they were held in the afternoon. I suggested changing the time to evening, but she answered that that was impossible, because there were no men in the club and the ladies could not go out alone in the evening. Here also the ends of the argument were so neatly tucked in that it was like a Gordian knot.

Thinking over the matter I came to the conclusion that possibly I was excluded because it was thought I was too ignorant to take advantage of the work of the club, or out of sympathy with the faith of its members. So I found a lady sitting behind the piano, and, placing my chair across the only exit, I started to prove to her how competent I was to enter any department of the club. In parliamentary law I knew when a motion to adjourn is in order, and could tell the difference between the Committee of the Whole and the Previous Question. I pronounced economics with as short an e and as strongly accented as anybody in the country, and this in itself was enough to prove I belonged to the new school. I could argue in favor of giving over all natural and some of the unnatural monopolies to the city councilmen who had shown their financial ability by getting rich on a small salary in a few years. I could calculate how many

THE UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

ITHACA, N. Y.

Prepares for all courses of Cornell University. Certificate has been accepted since 1895. BOARDING and DAY Departments. COMPLETE HOME. Regent's Certificates in LAW and MEDICINE. SUMMER TERM from July 16th to September 15th. FALL TERM opens September 26th for year 1901-'03. Of the school, PRESIDENT SCHURMAN says: "I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your school. The excellent management and complete curriculum render it a most desirable preparatory school for the University." SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Headmaster. Avenue A., Ithaca, N. Y.

THE STANDARD.

SEVENTH AND WALNUT STREETS.

Night at 8.

The Vaudeville House of the West.

Matinee Every Day at 2

THIS WEEK,

Big Sensation Burlesque Co.

NEXT WEEK,

ORIENTAL BURLESQUERS.

Grand Central Station, New York.

The president of one of the great universities of New York says of it: "Permit me to congratulate the company upon the marvelous transformation of Grand Central Station. I did not suppose there was any wand that had sufficient magic to bring out of the old station anything of such perfect adaptability and beauty." This new palace, located in the very heart of the metropolis, is the New York terminal station of all the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

No wonder so many travel by this route. These lines comprise the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Big Four, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie and Lake Erie & Western Railways.

Copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of the Four-Track Series, New York Central's books of travel and education, will be sent free, post paid, to any address on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

Best Passenger Service in TEXAS.



"No Trouble to Answer Questions."

Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER.

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

DALLAS, TEXAS.



Established 1850. Telephone 1013
THE OLD RELIABLE.
MATTHEWS'
DYE AND OLEINING WORKS
Dry and Chemical Cleaning.
814 OLIVE STREET



ALL EMPLOYEES

In the operating department of the "Alton Road" are required to pass mental and physical examinations calculated to secure absolute safety to passengers and freight. Fidelity, promptness, and accuracy are rewarded by the merit system, the result being that one of the safest railways in the world is

"THE ONLY WAY"



GEO. J. CHARLTON, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
D. BOWES, ASST' GEN'L PASS. AGENT
ST. LOUIS, MO.

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNSIGHTLY HAIR

FREE TO LADIES A booklet on DERMATINO, the only depilatory which permanently removes hair from the face, neck and arms without injury. It kills the root of the hair. Price \$1.00. Trial treatment 25 cents. To those who buy a treatment and find they need more, we will send a \$1.00 bottle on receipt of 75c. Sample is charged for because in many cases it works a permanent cure. DERMATINO CHEMICAL CO., Dept. O. 1805 Market St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

calories you could get for a cent in codfish, and I could prove that we ought to eat only nuts and fruit because the monkeys who did not have anything else lived on this diet, and who are we that we should question the wisdom of our ancestors? As for history, I was equally at home in any historical epoch used by recent novelists and could talk fluently of the time when Richard Carvel was in flower. As for my knowledge of literature I could narrate all the love affairs of Goethe and Shelley, and show how each was necessary to the development of their poetic genius. I was as well informed on the literature of Guatemala as any one I knew of, and I was especially competent to interpret English literature because I had visited the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey.

I could distinguish at sight between a Ribera and a Fra Angelico, even when disguised in penny pictures. I could name the seven lamps of architecture, and explain why these old lamps must never be exchanged for new. I was eligible to the Department for the Training of Children because of my sympathy with their belief in the Occidental suttee, the self-immolation of parents on the altar of their children, and I had faith in their principle that there should be no government of children except by and with the advice and consent of the governed.

When I had finished, or to speak more accurately, when I had talked for a long time, the lady remarked that if I knew as much as I thought I did she did not see why I needed to join the Woman's Club. The tone of the reply conveyed the impression that it was A Motion to Lay on the Table, and I could tell merely from the expression on her face and without looking at Reed's Rules that the question was not debatable. We adjourned "sine die."

As I sat alone in the corner the thought occurred to me that I was excluded because I was not good looking, or because I did not dress in good taste; but, looking around the room, I soon convinced myself that that could not be the reason. I mean, of course, because the ladies looked too kind-hearted to exclude any one for such a cause. So I do not know to this day why I am not a member of the Woman's Club. Perhaps they will let me in when they learn from this how I feel about it.—*Elwin E. Slosson, in the Independent.*

THE "SIN-EATER" OF WALES.

A curious custom prevails at funerals in some parts of Wales. A poor person is hired—"a long, lean, ugly, lamentable rascal"—to perform the duties of sin eater. Bread and beer are passed to the man over the corpse or laid on it; these he consumes, and by the process he is supposed to take on him all the sins of the deceased and free the person from walking after death. When a sin-eater is not employed, glasses of wine and funeral biscuits are given to each bearer across the coffin. The people believe that every drop of wine drunk at a funeral is a sin committed by the deceased, but that by drinking the wine the soul of the dead is released from the burden of sin. In some places it is the custom to send to the friends of a family after death a bag of biscuits with the card of the deceased. These funeral biscuits, often small, round sponge cakes, are known as arvel bread, arvel meaning ale. When arvel bread is passed around at a funeral each guest is expected to put a shilling on the plate.—*New York Tribune.*

Society stationery, Mermod & Jaccard's.

WHAT IS A CLUBMAN.

A reader of the New York Sun asked that paper the question "what is a clubman?" Its reply to the query is interesting as it makes mock of the use of the term not only in New York but in other cities. The Sun says: "The expression is very vague, about as vague as the other definition applied to women in suburban communities, 'a leader of society.' To call a man a 'clubman' may be a delicate way of hinting that he is of some importance. It has been held that every American citizen has the right to the title 'the Honorable.' In certain parts of the country every male who has reached the age of discretion is addressed as 'Colonel' or 'Judge,' though he may never have heard a gun fired off in anger or occupied a seat on the bench, even in a police court. Why, then should there be any greater scrupulousness about using the term 'clubman'? To establish a valid claim to the designation it isn't necessary to belong to one of the well-known clubs with houses on Fifth avenue, or in the streets off that thoroughfare. It is quite sufficient to belong to a poker club, a whist club, a 'bridge' club, a dining club, a glee club, a banjo club, a book club, a golf club, a country club, a theatre club, in fact any old sort of club. "Clubmen" are as plentiful as "club-women," and the name of the latter is legion. The expression is used most frequently in Brooklyn and other outlying parts of the city. In these communities a "clubman" is supposed to be a rather devilish sort of person, who adores the fair sex on principle, but has a distinct disinclination to settle down in the only way known to such districts, that is, by getting married. Hence it has happened that strong pressure has been brought to bear, and feminine annexes have been added to most of the "clubs," so-called, in the suburbs. This is on the very wise principle that if the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain. Most of the persons from the neighboring boroughs who get into trouble in this part of the town at night, are "clubmen." This may be significant, or it may not be."

Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

10,000 frs.
Awarded at Paris

QUINA-LAROCHE

WINE CORDIAL

Highest recommendations for cure of Poorness of Blood, Stomach troubles and General Debility. Increases the appetite, strengthens the nerves and builds up the entire system.

22 rue Drouot
PARIS
E. Fougere & Co.
Agents, N.Y.

WM KRANKE
513 PINE ST.
ST. LOUIS

LOAN OFFICE

TICKETS TO New York and Boston VIA BIG FOUR ROUTE, GIVE 10 Days STOP-OVER at BUFFALO Pan-American Exposition

Look at the SCHEDULE:

Lv. St. Louis	8:30 a.m.	12:00 noon	8:05 p.m.
Ar. Buffalo	2:55 a.m.	6:18 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
Ar. New York	2:55 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	8:00 a.m.
Ar. Boston	4:55 p.m.	9:00 p.m.	10:34 a.m.

Through Coaches Dining Cars Sleepers and Library Cafe Cars from St. Louis.
For Guides, Maps, Rates, Sleeping Car and Rail Road Tickets call at

Big Four Ticket Office,
Broadway and Chestnut.
Or address
C. L. HILLEARY,
A. G. P. A., ST. LOUIS.

UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE
WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE.

TO
SAN FRANCISCO

EPWORTH LEAGUE
CONVENTION,
JULY-1901.

**BEST SERVICE,
BEST EQUIPMENT,
BEST TRAINS,
BEST TRACK,
BEST ROUTE.**

THE UNION PACIFIC

Has Two Trains Daily from Kansas City, through Denver and the Rocky Mountains. Dining Car Service, Meals a la Carte. Palace and Ordinary Sleepers. Buffet Smoking and Library Cars. Free Chair Cars, Pintsch Light.

Full information cheerfully furnished on application.

J. H. LOTHROP, General Agent,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS. A \$7.00 BOOK

THE Book of the Century. Handsomely Illustrated by thirty-two of the World's Greatest Artists.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Stores) 180 Monroe St., Chicago. If you wish to send postage, enclose 10c.

Mention the MIRROR, as Adv. is inserted as our contribution.

Given Free

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscribe any amount desired. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle donor to his daintily artistic volume "FIELD FLOWERS" (cloth bound, 8x11) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS
Between Montreal and Liverpool and All European Ports.
Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes. Regular Weekly Sailings.
MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Agent
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



THE Katy Flyer

The New Fast Train

COMPOSED OF

Pullman Buffet Sleepers

—AND—

Katy Reclining Chair Cars.

Excursion Sleeper Every Tuesday at 8.16 p. m.
ON THE KATY FLYER.

Leaves ST. LOUIS Every Night at 8:16 o'clock

For all the Large Cities in Texas.

Tickets and Sleeping Car Accommodations can be secured at

City Ticket Office, No. 103 North Broadway and Union Station.

TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AND NIAGARA FALLS.

THE WABASH

Has its own rails and is the shortest line from

Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago

To BUFFALO AND THE FALLS

Stop-overs given at both points on all tickets.

Only line from St. Louis, via Niagara Falls. It crosses Detroit River, one of the most beautiful rivers of America.

For Descriptive Matter, Rates, etc., call on nearest Wabash Ticket Agent, or address
C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, ST. LOUIS.



**Burlington
Route**

TO

PUGET SOUND WATERS

The tide waters most distant from St. Louis of any in the Union, viz., Puget Sound, are reached by the Burlington's through train, leaving St. Louis at 9.00 a. m., daily, on its 2350-mile journey to the Sound.

76 hours, St. Louis to Tacoma, via Billings, Montana.

It was over this Northwest main line of the Burlington that the "McCormick special" was recently run from Omaha to Billings, 893 miles in 18 hours, or 50 miles an hour, including stops over the entire distance.

Send for descriptive folder—"The Burlington-Northern Pacific Express."

Tickets and information at City Ticket Office, S. W. Corner Broadway and Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

BOOKS { All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at . . . } **ROEDER'S BOOK STORE,**
307 NORTH FOURTH ST.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

The Helmet of Navarre, Bertha Runkle, \$1.20; Betsy Ross, Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, \$1.20; The Column, Charles Marriott, \$1.20; The Puppet Crown, Harold MacGrath, \$1.20; Julietty, Lucy C. McElroy, \$1.20; War's Brighter Side, Julian Ralph, \$1.20; Mistress Nell, George Hazelton, \$1.20. Also, a full line of paper-covered novels and magazines. Subscriptions taken for any publication at **JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive St.**

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry.

CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,

204 N. FOURTH STREET



The Whirlpool Rapids
can be seen from the car windows of the
MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."
TO THE
Pan-American Exposition
NEW YORK — BOSTON — EASTERN RESORTS
Stop-Over at Niagara Falls and Buffalo En Route
REDUCED RATES. Luxurious Fast Trains.
Superior Dining Car Service. Courteous Attention.
Pan-American Souvenir, A Summer Note Book, and other illustrated publications sent upon application with four cents postage.
O. W. RUGGLES, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., CHICAGO

A HIGH-CLASS OYSTER HOUSE AND RESTAURANT,
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
IS **MILFORD'S,** TWO HUNDRED AND SEVEN
AND TWO HUNDRED
AND NINE NORTH SIXTH STREET NEAR OLIVE.



THE FAST MAIL ROUTE.

5 DAILY TRAINS 5 TO KANSAS CITY

SUPERIOR SERVICE—ELEGANT EQUIPMENT.
PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS.
COMPARTMENT SLEEPING CARS.
RECLINING CHAIR CARS. (SEATS FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE)
PULLMAN PARLOR CARS ON DAY TRAINS.
HIGH GRADE COMFORTABLE COACHES.

C. G. WARNER,

RUSSELL HARDING,

H. C. TOWNSEND,